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THE WAINWRIGHT STAR.

VOLUME II. NUMBER 46 — WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910 — L. S. GOWE, MANAGER

Heating Cont't Was Awarded

McKnight & Frost, of Edmonton, Get the Job at $2,649---P. Laird & Son's First Progress Estimate Paid.

At the regular meeting of the School Board held on Monday evening, the heating contract for the new school building was awarded to McKnight & Frost, of Edmonton, their figure being $2,649.

The other tenders received were from H. C. Colling, whose figure was $3,400, and from J. Lockerbie, who offered to do the work for $3,160.

The difference between the successful tenderer and his highest competitor was $751, a rather large amount on a contract of this size.

The successful tenderers must furnish a bond satisfactory to the School Board.

In connection with the school building contract, the contractor put in a claim for an extra for the windows in the basement. On motion of Trustee Washburn, seconded by Trustee Pawling, this was allowed.

On motion of Trustee Ross, seconded by Trustee Washburn, the account of N. S. Kenney, amounting to $72.30, was ordered to be paid in two checks, one for $72.00 principal and the other for 30 cents interest.

The Secretary's account of $67.86 was ordered paid; and P. Laird & Son's first progress estimate of $2,320.52 was passed.

Depot Exhibit Much Admired

Splendid Samples Shown in the Board of Trade's Showcase Attracting Much Attention.

The Board of Trade's show-showcase at the depot, was this week filled with samples of grain grown in this district and the exhibit has been greatly admired by the townspeople and the travelling public. Strangers who drop off here invariably take a good look at the exhibit and express surprise at seeing such fine looking samples.

One man who passed through on Wednesday's train caught a glimpse of the showcase as he was strolling about, and rushed back and brohght his two friends along to see it.

"Well, your crop seems to be all right," was his comment. "Those are certainly fine samples."

He was seen to make a note in a memorandum book, but just then the conductor sang out all aboard, and there was not time to ascertain whether he was a prospective settler or investor or not.

The arrangement of the exhibit is striking and artistic, and is largely the work of the Board of Trade's indefatigable secretary, H. C. King.

Rev. A. Russell Takes Charge

Rev. A. Russell, late of Pinka, Man., has been chosen as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation here, and has entered upon his duties. Mr. Russell is living in the cottage recently vacated by Dr. McQueen. Mr. Fletcher, who has been supplying here for some weeks is still in the city. The Presbyterians still hold their services in the Auditorium, on Sunday morning and evening. A service is also held at Greenshields every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Crops Between Wainwright and Edmonton Best in the West, Says Mr. Schrieber

Vancouver, B. C., August 1.—"Crops along the line of the G. T. P. between Edmonton and Wainwright are good, and promise to reach good averages, but east of Wainwright clear through to Winnipeg they are generally comparatively short. This condition is rather the rule throughout the west, although farmers have not entirely lost hope, as they consider that an early rain will yet save the situation."

Such is the report which Mr. Collingwood Schrieber gives of the harvest prospects of the Northwest, based upon his observations of the country made during a leisure trip over the prairie section of the new railroad.

Mr. Schrieber is the government chief engineer of the western division of the G. T. P. and chief consulting engineer of the Dominion Government. It is in his official capacity that he is making the present trip, for the purpose of making an official tour of inspection of the new line.

Reviewing the condition of the G. T. P. from Winnipeg to Edmonton, Mr. Schrieber said that it is generally good. The track is in good shape and the service is expeditious and up-to-date. The new line has cut the time from Winnipeg to Edmonton 4 hours below that of the Canadian Northern. The bridges at Wolf Creek and Macleod River are each in use and are fine structures. The first is 600 feet long and 120 feet high, while that over the Macleod River is 1200 feet long and 142 feet high.

He believed that the roadbed would be ready for the laying of rails as far as the Athabasca River by December.

Will Start New Buffalo Park

Howard Douglas, superintendent of government parks, in speaking to a reporter in Edmonton after his return from Wainwright, stated that there were now one hundred and twenty-five young buffalo calves and seven hundred and twenty head of fully-grown buffalo in the Wainwright park. He also stated that there was enough hay in the park to winter the entire herd.

Mr. Douglas [illegible] another buffalo park would be established at Moose Mountain, north of Regina. This range, he said, was now ready, and it was the intention of the government to ship ten carloads there as soon as possible.

Junior Dept. Promotion Results

Following are the results in order of merit, of the promotion exams. in the Junior department of the Wainwright School:

Standard 1 to 2

Lola Kenny, Cora Kemp, Marion Limpert.

Senior B. to 1st class.

Everet Silverwood, Horace King, Elvis Ross, Willie Dewar, Edgar Thompson, Harry McMillan, Irwin Limpert.

Junior B. to Senior B.

Martin Enger, Geraldine Fieldhouse, Sophy Kenny, Jean Vallie, Carley Forster, Opal Williams, Basil Bryce.

A. to B.

Muriel Ellis, Cecil McMillan, Lenore Goldsworthy.

Miss. E. Akroyd, the teacher of this department, says that the poor showing of the Ehster A. class, was due to irregularity of attendence.

E. Mead, travelling representative of the "M. U. C." Cartridge Co., and a celebrated shot, was in town this week. Mr. Mead was out at the traps on Tuesday evening, and made a possible score of 25. On his second 25 birds he broke 23. Mr. Mead has broken 198 out of 200 birds.

W. J. Kidd, solicitor of the Battle River Land Co., is in the city. In company with A. E. Mills, the local representative of the company, Mr Kidd is today making an inspection of the company's lands and a revaluation will be made later.

Two Lots in Block 28 Sold for $700

An important property transfer was effected here a few days ago, when G. S. Betts of Ottawa, sold to A. C. Armstrong, of Calgary, lots 1 and 2 in block 28. These lots are situated at the corner of Main street and Fifth avenue. W. B. Crawford put through the deal. The price paid for the property was $700.

Still more houses are going up. O. E. Peterson is building a fine two-storey house on Fith avenue, which will cost about $2,500.

Edwin Bray is having a cottage built on First avenue, and Mr. Hyslop has begun the erection of a cottage on Fourth avenue.

Meeting of the Fire Brigade

Two new members were elected to the Fire Brigade at their regular meeting on Wednesday evening. They were Bert Laird and J. Wilding. Frank Collins was appointed captain of the new water wagon, with J. Wilding as assistant.

The single cylinder chemical engine which was ordered some weeks ago has not arrived yet, but it is expected next month. The officers that will have charge of it will not be appointed until after the machine comes.

Fred Halterman a member of the brigade who was married recently was presented with several pieces of hand-painted china.

Several G. T. P. Changes Here

W. H. Olver Goes to Edmonton as Agent, Being Succeeded Here by A. M. McCorkle---M. B. Dube Back in Town.

W. H. Olver, who succeeded R. A. Snyder as Grand Trunk Pacific agent here, has been transferred to Edmonton, where he will act in a similar capacity. Mr. Olver left last Friday for his new scene of activity. During his short stay here, Mr. Olver, by his courteous and obliging manner, and affable personality made himself exceedingly popular with the business public, and his departure will be sincerely regretted. Mr. Olver has been succeeded as agent here by A. M. McCorkle, who had been acting as chief clerk.

M. B. Dube, who left here a few weeks ago to take the position of locomotive foreman at Watrous is back in Wainwright again. That Mr. Dube made many friends while at Watrous is shown by the following item reproduced from the Watrous Signal:

"M. B. Dube, G. T. P. locomotive foreman here for the past month was pleasantly surprised the other evening when asked by his co-workers to meet with them in the parlor of the Manitou Hotel. It was then that he was made the recipient of a meerschaum pipe. Mr. Dube had suddenly received word to leave for Wainwright, and the men on hearing the news took this way of showing how strong the ties of friendship had grown between them during his stay here. Mr. Dube acknowledged the gift in appropriate terms. Mrs. Dube, who has been here with her husband, accompanied him to Wainwright.

The firm of McKee & Readman, jewelers, who have been in business here for the past two years, have decided to close up their business, and are selling off their stock.

H. V. Fieldhouse and Mrs. Fieldhouse will leave on Sunday for Calgary, where Mr. Fieldhouse will on Tuesday attend the meeting of the Oddfellows Grand Lodge. Later they will go to Banff for a few days, where Mr. Fieldhouse will try the baths in the hope of getting relief from an attack of sciatica which has been troubling him.

The honorary president of the Wainwright Gun Club has offered a gold medal for the highest score in a 100-bird competition. Local shots only are eligible to compete. The competition will be divided into two shoots of 50 birds each, the first of which will take place on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. W. J. Musson, P. E. Ross and W. E. Washburn, are trustees for the medal.

STAR SHOTS

Tofield claims to have made a gas strike. Probably it's just hot air.

In spite of Mackenzie King's intervention the Grand Trunk strike has been settled.

The Gleichen Liberals turned down their former member. Riley will be more so than ever, now.

Three Toronto newsboys have been fined for stealing the Toronto Globe. Their sanity should be inquired into.

Coun Fox and Coun. Logan fell out over that well which was better than falling in.

Coun. Fox thinks that it was a dirty trick to make him pay for cleaning the gutters.

In that hay prosecution Coun. Fox bit off more than he could comfortably masticate.

Secretary of State Murphy, seems to be small potatoes. He wants to "cut out" the practice of giving knives to members of the civil service at Christmas time.

Sensations Expected at Council Meeting this Week Did Not Materialize

The sensations expected at last Tuesday evening's council meeting, failed to materialize. Coun. Fox failed to live up to his advance notices. The pyrotechnics were absent, although Coun. Fox and Coun. Logan sharply contradicted each other a couple of times.

The town's incorporation papers have not been signed yet, although a letter dated July 14th was read from Deputy Attorney-General Blaine, stating that the matter would have the immediate attention of the department.

All the members of the council expressed surprise and disappointment at the dilatoriness of the government in this matter. The Secretary-Treasurer announced that he would be in Edmonton next Monday, and he was authorized by the council to try and hurry up the completion of the necessary formalities.

Another communication received was from John Trimble, who said the department of public works had decided to loan a grader to Wainwright and district. This news was welcomed by the city fathers.

Coun. Logan reported that the Citizens' Band had been organized on a satisfactory basis, and said that he had informed the band committee that the council would probably make the band a grant of $150. The band had complied with the conditions laid down at the citizens' meeting; in fact they had done even better than they had agreed to do, as they had already given an open air concert.

The council approved of Coun. Logan's report, and passed a motion making the band a grant of $150 for the year 1910. This amount will be paid over at once, together with the sum of $51.50, which is lying to the credit of the band at the Merchant's Bank.

Couns. Logan and Fox had been appointed a committee to make a general inspection of the streets to see what improvements were needed, but they had never been able to get out together, and consequently no report was ready.

It was decided to proceed at once with the laying of the proposed cement sidewalk from the Park Hotel to the livery stables. The councillors were appointed a committee of the whole to engage a foreman for the work, which will be done by day labor.

Coun. Fox adversely criticized the manner in which the present cement sidewalks had been laid, and attributed their somewhat unsatisfactory condition to bad workmanship.

Coun. Graham thought that frost had had something to do with the defects. Coun. Fox took issue with him.

"There's room for an argument," remarked Coun. Graham, "but I will not prolong the discussion."

"You will have a chance to put your superior knowledge in practice now," continued Coun. Graham, addressing his honorable colleague.

The Queen street jobs will be done by day labor.

Coun. Logan and Coun. Fox locked horns when Wm. Hair's bill for digging a well was presented. Coun. Logan said that it had been agreed between Coun. Logan and himself, as representing the town, and Mr. Hair, that $1.00 per foot should be paid for the work, and in case rock was encountered that could not be removed, the contractor was to be paid at that rate for what work he had done, and then be allowed to start another hole.

Coun. Fox disputed this and said that Mr. Hair was only to be paid for the work that was successfully performed. He asserted that the rock struck in the first hole, could have been taken out.

The bill was passed, however, as submitted.

Another rather heated exchange took place between these councillors on a bill of $2.00, presented by Jacob Goehring for cleaning the gutters on Main street. Coun. Logan said that he had not authorized this work.

"In fact," he said, "when Mr. Goehring asked me about it, I forbade him to do it, and I will not support the payment of the bill."

Coun. Graham said he thought the chairman's wishes should have been considered by Coun. Fox, and he too would have to vote against the money being paid.

"These expenditures must be authorized by the council," he said.

Coun. Fox argued that the work was necessary and had been requested, and wound up by saying that he would pay the amount out of his own pocket.

Coun. Graham enunciated the same principle when a bill from the Lush Co. for printing notices re the running at large of cattle, came up. He voted for the payment of the bill, but went on record as to being opposed to this way of doing business.

Coun. Logan suggested that the Secretary-Treasurer have a financial statement of the town's business of the past year, prepared and submitted to the next regular meeting.

Coun. Fox was also in favor of this and remarked that a good many of the ratepayers had spoken to him about it. He suggested that after being submitted to the council the statement should be published in the Star.

The Secretary said that he had the statement ready up to the end of June, and it would be very little work to bring it up to date.

When the scavenger's bill for the past month came up, Coun. Logan moved that it be not paid. He said there had been many complaints made as to the manner in which the scavenger was doing his work. Later Coun. Logan explained that he made this motion for the purpose of bringing out discussion.

Coun. Fox had a good deal to say in criticism of the scavenger.

Coun. Graham said that he had always found Mr. Manners willing to do anything in reason.

"He has been exasperated by the nagging of a few people" said Coun. Graham, "and I am not surprised if he has got his back up."

A letter from the scavenger was read, in which Mr. Manners protested against the difficulties which he had encountered in carrying out his contract. A lot of people threw old clothes, tin cans, and all sorts of rubbish in their slop barrels and he could not possibly clean them out satisfactorily, he said, as long as they did this. He also stated that he had had two of his horses cut by nails or wire in the alleys.

The scavenger's account was eventually passed.

It was decided to borrow $2,000 more from the Merchants' Bank, for current expenses.

(Continued on page four)

G. T. P. Towns May Unite

And Have Common Exhibit at the Edmonton Fair---Viking Board of Trade Made the Suggestion.

It is probable that Wainwright's proposed exhibit of grain at the Edmonton Fair, will form part of a district exhibit to include all the towns who desire to show, between here and Edmonton. The suggestion has been made by the Viking Board of Trade, and has been favorably regarded by the Wainwright Board of Trade.

It is thought that all the towns will benefit to a larger extent by a striking exhibit such as this would be, than by each having a corner.

The exhibition authorities at Edmonton are now being communicated with and if suitable arrangements can be made and all the towns fall in with the idea, the proposal will probably be carried out.

The matter will be brought before the Wainwright Board of Trade formally, after word has been received from Edmonton.

The Board of Trade has decided to offer a prize of $5.00 for the best sample of wheat, oats, barley and flax that is brought in for the proposed Wainwright exhibit at the Edmonton Fair.

Struck With Wainwright

Ex-Mayor Richardson of Tilbury, Ont. Thinks the Town Has Made Remarkable Progress.

"The growth of Wainwright in two years, has been nothing short of remarkable," said Ex-Mayor Richardson, of Tilbury, Ont., who was a visitor to the town this week.

Mr. Richardson, who was accompanied by his wife, was on his way home to Ontario from a trip to the Pacific coast having left home the first of June. They tarried at many places enroute, and had a most delightful trip.

"There are many towns down in Ontario," said Mr. Richardson, which in twenty years have not reached the stage of development that Wainwright now shows."

Mr. Richardson, who is a brother of George Richardson, the well-known merchant of Wainwright, is the proprietor of a large department store at Tilbury.

Heavy Rain Sunday Night

Crops Here Come Along Wonderfully Since That Time---Some Hail Out North.

A very severe electrical storm, accompanied by a heavy rain, visited Wainwright and district last Sunday night. Although the crops have been coming along splendidly, they will grow at an even faster rate now. In fact the grain has shot up several inches the past week in many sections.

North of the river some hail fell, but only a narrow strip of country was affected, and the damage done will not be great.

The Star printery does first class printing, modern, artistic and correct.

"That Reminds Me—"

THE teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family.

"Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Automobiles!" replied little Jennie Jones, promptly.

* * *

MY DEAR," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?"

"Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

* * *

MA, what are the folks in our church gettin' up a subscription for?"

"To send our minister on a holiday to the Continent this summer."

"Won't there be no church services while he's gone?"

"No, dear."

"Ma, I've got five dollars in my bank—can I give him that?"

* * *

AN eminent man who is a strict abstainer from both wine and animal food is obliged in consequence of this peculiarity to refrain from dining out. He entertains, however, an occasional kindred spirit. One such was recently at his table. "You ought to have seen them," said the eminent man's son, "rioting over boiled carrots."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN was standing in the lobby of one of Birmingham's leading hotels when someone made a remark about it being so easy to get a little "wet refresments" in the Magic City. The young man said:

"I have been in Birmingham for nine days, and I have never found that wet spot yet, and I want to tell you I have looked for for it, too."

The "never sleep" negro porter of this hostelry had become interested in the conversation, and, advancing close enough to the speaker to tip his cap politely, asked this question:

"Boss, where is you been stopping since you come to town—in de cemetery?"

A SCOTCH laboring man, who had married a rich widow exceptional for her plainness, was accosted by his employer:

"Well, Thomas," he said, "I hear you are married. What sort of a wife have you got?"

"Weel, sir," was the response, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I canna say she's his masterpiece."

* * *

MRS. HENRICKS (the llandlady): "Can I help you to some more soup, Mr. Dumley?"

Mr. Dumley: "No, thanks."

Mrs. Henricks (engagingly): "Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup; we're not particular people here."

Mr. Dumley: "Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup."

* * *

A BISHOP, while staying at a country rectory, was roused in the morning by a female voice in the kitchen singing hymns. On going down to breakfast he congratulated the girl on her excellent cooking, and also on thus beginning the day with praise.

"Oh, yes, my lord," replied the girl, a brisk country lass; "'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' is just the right length for boiling the eggs, and 'The Church's One Foundation' for frying the bacon."

* * *

IT is told that a certain lady of a western Kansas town desired to show a kindness to the captain of the local State militia company and wrote the following invitation: "Mrs. —— requests the pleasure of Capt. ——'s company at a reception Friday evening."

A prompt reply came: "With the exception of three men who are sick with measels, Capt. ——'s company accepts your kind invitation, and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE prodigal son had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the old man, looking at the youth carefully; "no, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of the fat off."

* * *

WILLIAM'S brother had killed a man in cold blood.

"Well, William, how about your brother?" a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial.

"Why," said William, "they've put him in jail for a month."

"That's rather a light sentence for a cold-blooded murder," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," William admitted; "but at the month's end they're going to hang him."

* * *

FATHER, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy scrutinized his parent closely. "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?" asked the youth, blandly.

* * *

A CERTAIN professor told a story of an old woman he once had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer.

"Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of a sovereign."

"You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one."

Several months went by and no planets were discovered.

"The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman to the professor's wife, "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sly."

* * *

TELEPHONE girls are used to being called up to give the correct time of day; to being called down by the man in a hurry for reporting that the number he calls does not answer when he is "sure" some one is awaiting beside the phone at the other end for his signal, but, says the Boston Journal, a Malden telephone girl had one on them all when it comes to being a bureau of information. Last Sunday this call came to the Malden switchboard:

"Say, operator, my wife has gone away and left me to cook the Sunday dinner. I have got along all right except for the spinach, but that's got my goat and I can't even find a recipe book. How do you cook the blamed stuff?"

It wasn't exactly telephone business, but he got the directions. Out in Malden there is some woman who is extolling the virtues of her husband as cook, and the recipient of the praise isn't saying much.

SWINE FOR BREEDING

THERE are many buyers looking for show yard winners and the young breeder who is building up a herd will often be compelled to pay more money for a show winner, than an equally good animal would cost him if purchased in his normal condition. Show yard honors have value, but there are many winners that never prove valuable breeders when put to the test in a herd. It is seldom profitable to invest a large amount of money in a high priced breeding boar until there are a number of choice sows to mate with him.

The character of the herd will depend precisely upon the quality of each and every animal selected for breeding purposes. The boar should be an excellent individual ideal in form, size, markings and possess finish and quality. He should be able to look you square in the eye and have a kind and intelligent face, eye and head. A fine, silky coat, smooth sides, and be free from wrinkles. He should have a strong, broad and well arched back; shoulders wide, deep and broad on top, compact, smooth and well down on arm; loins full and smooth; chest large and roomy; rump long, broad and well rounded, and tail well set up, tapering and curled; ribs well sprung from the back, and chest roomy and large; hams long, deep and thick and well rounded from points down to the hocks, sides long, straight, deep and free from wrinkles and flanks well set down; legs short, set at each corner and standing erect, front legs should stand straight and be muscled down on arms; hind legs strong and hocks well set, and short and firm pastern; feet tough and erect toes. Added to all of these requirements he should come from a line of ancestry possessing the same qualities.

In selecting sows for the foundation herd it will be best to buy them from one herd that has been established for many years, until the animals bear a striking uniformity to each other, and the blood lines have become thoroughly established. This enables him to take up the work where the man who bred them let off and continue the work of improvement, instead of buying a miscellaneously bred bunch of sows that possess no fixed type. The sows had best be selected from some established herd by visiting the breeder and selecting them in their normal condition. They should resemble the boar and be bred along similar lines. The special points to be observed in selecting the sows are size, quality and finish.

Good, strong backs are of supreme importance. Weak backs should be shunned. The sow's face should be smooth and broad between the eyes, and gradually taper toward the end of her nose. She should have straight side lines, smooth shoulders, and possess symmetry and style, have a kind disposition and be an easy feeder and prolific.

It is a mistake to order foundation stock by mail and order a few sows and a boar not akin. The chances are that right at the very beginning you will introduce a violent outcross and spoil the results of years of systematic selection and mating to hold and keep in control a fixed type and prepotency. Fixed characteristics cannot be established and perpetuated by bringing together unrelated families of the breed.

SOME NEW PYGMIES

A BRITISH exploring party, sent out by the Ornithologists' Union to explore the mountain regions in Dutch New Guinea, has discovered, instead of birds, a new tribe of human pygmies. These curious little folks, known to the anthropologist as negritos, appear to be more widely scattered over the earth's surface than was at first supposed. They are now known to exist in the Andaman Islands, the Malay Peninsula, and the Philippines.

The new New Guinea tribes are reported as about four feet three inches in height, perfectly formed—that is, not deformed dwarfs, but simply miniature human beings—with frizzly (or, to be ultra-scientific, ulotrichous) hair, in "pepper corn tufts," and the typical stove-blacking skin of the whole pygmy race. The nose is unusually broad. They are shy, but friendly and hospitable, after their confidence is won.

The pygmies everywhere appear to be nomadic, and, like all nomads, depend for their living chiefly upon hunting and fishing. Their weapons are poisoned arrows, which they shoot from bows and a primitive form or spring gun. The poison is obtained from the upas tree or some related plant.

It appears, according to A. C. Haddon, that previous travelers in New Guinea have noted indications of pygmy tribes in several regions—in the shape of occasional individuals of medium stature, presenting a mixture of negrito and papuan characteristics. "The English expedition has now discovered," writes Dr. Haddon, "a pygmy population in Netherlands' New Guinea, which, presumably, is allied to that inhabiting German New Guinea." Regarding the geographical distribution of pygmies, he quotes some interesting statements of Rascher regarding their existence in New Britain. They are said to live in clefts in the rocks, and to steal fruit from the neighboring gardens. "They are so tiny that one stands on the shoulders of another, and so on until they reach the fruit. The fruit is not thrown down, lest a noise would be made, but passed from hand to hand until it reaches the chief, who is on the ground."

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

NO structure which has ever been proposed or undertaken in Canada has, we should think, attracted quite so much attention as the Quebec Bridge. Since the collapse which necessitated its rebuilding, it has been more or less constantly before the public—the engineering portion of it, anyway—and the various stages through which it has passed so far have occasioned much discussion, and, as in the case of its plans, some severe criticism.

Now that the tenders for the erection of the superstructure of the new bridge are to be asked for in the very near future, the question of its cost is occupying the close attention of builders and the public generally. It is quite likely, however, that a great surprise is in store for the public when the figures are given out, for it now looks as if a tender under ten million dollars for the steel work will not be thought of, and this information comes from engineers who have given close attention to the enterprise.

In the first place, the sub-structure will no doubt cost over a round million when completed, and a competent engineer and builder is authority for the statement that the completed bridge will cost from twelve to fourteen million dollars. It appears to be decided that nickel steel will wholly enter into the construction of the bridge, and the statement is made that, in spite of the fact that Canada produces a very large percentage of the nickel in the world, all the material for the erection of the bridge will have to be secured in the United States for the reason that there are no mills nere of sufficient magnitude to prepare the material for the superstructure.

A close calculation goes to show that the bridge will weigh no less than 75,000 tons, or 150,000,000 pounds. If this steel goes in at the rate of six cents per pound, the cost price would be no less than $9,000,000 for the superstructure alone; but there are experts in Montreal and Ottawa who believe that the metal in position will cost nearer seven and a half cents per pound than the figure just given. If this turns out to be the case, the cost price for the superstructure will be $11,250,000 instead of ten millions, bringing up the total cost of the bridge to thirteen million dollars.

It is said also that the designs have already cost $200,000, and that the sum of a quarter of a million will have been expended by the time the structure will have been placed in the hands of the contractors.

A distinguishing feature of the new design is that there is not a curved member in it. It is all straight lines. It may be scientific, but it will, if ever built, be the ugliest bridge of large dimensions yet constructed. The bridge is to consist of two continuous main girders. In the Forth Bridge the central spans rest at each end on the cantilevers. In the new Quebec Bridge the central girders will be integral with the cantilevers. How expansion and contraction will be provided for we do not know. The trussing is very peculiar. It is not triangular in the ordinary sense of the term as applied to girders. The top and bottom booms are united by a series of A's, inside each of which is placed another of about half the height inverted. Straight vertical bars are incorporated. The arrangement is quite original, and in no way resembles either the first bridge or that over the Forth. One important difference between the design and that of the Forth Bridge is that the central members of the cantilevers of this last each rest on two piers, the distance between these varying with the situation, the minimum being 145 feet and the maximum 260 feet. In this way, it will be seen, great stability is secured. In the Quebec design each double cantilever is balanced on a pivot on top of a single pier. This is the reason why the Forth Bridge possesses such remarkable rigidity. Furthermore, the height of the towers—that is to say, the depth of the girder, is limited to 290 feet, as against 330 feet for the Forth Bridge and 315 feet for the bridge which fell down. It has also been pointed out that the distance between the girders—that is to say, the width of the bridge where it rests on the piers, will be 88 feet, or one-twentieth of the span; that of the old bridge was only 67 feet, while that of the Forth Bridge is about 120 feet.

A CLEVER little bit of human nature was used by a "knight of the road" recently on a matron living in a suburb of Pittsburg, and as a result he slept with a full stomach that night.

The suburb is quite small, and when the tramp dropped off a freight and ambled up the main street he was quite hungry. There were about ten houses which gave fair chance of meals, and the tramp lost no time. He was not surprised when the first housewife slammed the door in his face, nor the second, for that was natural and the proper thing to do. But when he reached the ninth house, or rather was helped away, he was thoroughly disgusted. The town certainly had him hoodooed.

After a short rest and a deep think the hungry one knocked at the door of the tenth house.

"Madam, can you let a hungry man have a bite to eat? I don't think you can, though," he said. The woman opened her ears.

"Why can't I?"

"The woman next door said you didn't have enough for yourself."

He got his meal.

A Hungarian woman is petitioning for a divorce because her husband insists on displaying in the house the portraits of her three predecessors.

Germany has taken to the manufacture of artificial teeth out of old paper. They are said to retain their color well, and are less likely to chip than ordinary false teeth.

With the Horses

IN these days when sanitary regulations are receiving such large consideration in all directions for the human family, it is only becoming for those interested in and responsible for the care of domestic animals to give some fair proportion of heed to sanitary observances for their comfort and health, says Spirit of the West. A particular in which breach is commonly made in every principle of sanitation in the treatment of the noblest and closest to man of the animal kind, the horse, merits attention while agitation along the line prepares an open way for it. It is in the treatment of horses that are already ailing, and particularly where suffering from a disease of an infectious character. As is well known, modern, up-to-date handling of persons afflicted with disease of any sort, and eminently so when the least infectious or contagious, as most ailments are, looks to putting and keeping them in the cleanest and tidiest, and most thoroughly disinfected quarters and surroundings possible to be provided. Because already smitten with the disease, they are not thrown into a room reeking with contagion, and crowded together with a lot of others similarly affected and forced to live and breathe and feed in an atmosphere surcharged with the deadly virus. But contrariwise their rooms are aired and ventilated and disinfected with the most powerful antiseptics, and every article used about them subjected to the same treatment, and every pains taken suggested by the ingenuity of man to reduce to the minimum the deadly agency working on them. But, how is it, as a rule, when disease invades the ranks of horses? It may be that enough is done to separate the ailing from the well to prevent them from becoming contaminated and coming down also. But ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, if two or more are diseased, they are thrown together in a lot or close stable, and allowed to pollute, not only the air they breathe in common, but the entire premises, the mangers, walls, fences, feed boxes, bedding, and the very forage and feed given them, with the germs thrown off by the fever, or even with the putrid discharges produced by diseases such as distemper and the like. Given remedies probably to destroy the deadly germs already preying upon them, they are allowed to breathe into their lungs and nostrils, take into their mouths and stomachs and entire salivary and digestive tract, and from thence into the blood new reinforcements of the parasitic enemy already working upon and seeking to destroy them. That virulent colt disease, distemper, or strangles, lodges a germ in a tender and susceptible youngster, and before noticed it has developed and contaminated another, and the owner concludes as both have it anyway one box stall will be enough for the two, and they are pushed in and kept there poisoning and destroying one another in the manner described, and he wonders why instead of getting well they grow worse and worse and probably one or both die. Even more to be marveled at, veterinarians will be witness and even accessories to such course, after all the experience they have had, and observations made, if they ever make any. No wonder the range horses, with all the exposure of storms and cold and lack of food and care, weather through and survive such diseases, even if somewhat epidemic, because the sick one does not have to fight more than his own germs and contagion, and has the open air to battle in. There can be no conceivable case where there can be justified lodging one ailing horse or colt with another, or keeping in quarters not thoroughly ventilated and cleaned of every possible impurity and disinfected with the utmost care, and where the same precautions are not employed to secure perfectly sanitary surroundings as are used with the human. If an owner is not able to afford the expense of such care in his stable or box stall, or in a veterinary hospital where such sanitary provisions are made, then should he turn the animal out in the open where not kept by human constraint subject to deadly virus, with no possible escape, and denied even wholesome atmosphere to breathe. The physical economy is such that the resisting power against disease is very great, with pure food and nature's healthful surroundings uncontaminated and unpolluted by conditions that human interference has brought about, and if not given the treatment that advanced science and medical skill have discovered and rendered possible, then the poor brute should be given the chance that in his native wild state he enjoyed.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

THE APES OF GIBRALTAR

FEW visitors to Gibraltar ever see the famous apes that from time immemorial have been distinguished as the only wild simians in Europe. The apes live high on the big rock, and when they do venture down to the nearer gardens of the town to steal food it is not the visitor who knows of it. As a matter of fact, there have been fewer apes to be seen there in the recent years. For some reason or other the never large number has been decreasing. Some think that the firing of the fortress guns drove them off; but if so, where did they go? Not across the "neutral ground" and up into Spain, the only alternative to swimming across the straits and going into Barbary, whence their ancestors may have been brought centuries ago. The straits being wide, that alternative is out of the question. It was thought recently that the apes had dwindled down to eight in number and there were those who asserted that the count should be only four or five—and all females at that. New blood from Africa seemed to be needed, and a pair of Barbary apes were sent over from Tetuan by the British consul. But a strange stroke of ill luck befel the male, which, after suffering the tortures of seasickness and receiving anything but a friendly welcome from the resident simians, fell off a wall and died of concussion of the brain. To guard against any possible chance of an Adamless Eden, another pair was brought across the straits.

"THE DEAD HAS COME TO LIFE"
A "FRUIT-A-TIVES" MIRACLE

MRS. JAMES FENWICK

Enterprise, Ont., October 1st, 1908.
"I suffered tortures for seven long years from a Water Tumor. I was forced to take morphia constantly to relieve the awful pains, and I wanted to die to get relief. The doctors gave me up and my friends hourly expected my death. Then I was induced to take "Fruit-a-tives" and this wonderful fruit medicine has completely cured me. When I appeared on the street again my friends exclaimed 'The dead has come to life.' The cure was a positive miracle." MRS. JAMES FENWICK.
50c a box—6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

AN ELEPHANT LABYRINTH

NEAR Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins at the edge of the forest the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around.

Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth, the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives.

MISTRESS (to maid): "I understand that you had company yesterday, Mary. Who was it?"

Mary: "Only my Aunt Nellie, mum."

Mistress: "Well, when you see her again, Mary, kindly tell her that she left her tobacco-pouch and matches on the piano."

HE DID

Said the lady: "Here's a rug to beat;
Also, some pumpkin pie to eat
When you complete it."

The hobo cast a greedy eye
Upon that wholesome home-made pie,
And longed to eat it;

Then thoughtfully he eyed the rug,
And, with a silent shoulder shrug
He straightway beat it.

OGILVIE'S
ROYAL HOUSEHOLD
FLOUR

MAKES JUST AS FINE PASTRY AS IT DOES BREAD AND THE BEST OF BOTH. HOUSEKEEPERS FIND IT

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED
WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM MONTREAL
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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 37

To Follow the Fashion Smoke
BUCK-EYES

Here's a toast to fashion
And her furbelows!
Changing hats and turbans
Changing shoes and hose.
Changing straight-front corsets
For the other kind,
Taking curves from off the front
Putting them behind.
Throwing Psyche knots off,
Calling out for rats
Moulding roly-polys
Into merely slats.
Moving waist lines upward,
Shifting waist lines down!

Yesterday your dictum
Was the Empire gown.
Now you are uncertain;
Probably next week
You'll prescribe a garment
Which is purely Greek.
Fashion, you're a wonder,
Changing walk and pose
And a very juggler
When it comes to clothes.
Here is to you, Fashion,
In a halting rhyme;
For in smoking it's the fashion
To use BUCK-EYES all the time.

Fashion never changes when it comes to the BUCK-EYE. BUCK-EYES are always in fashion

The Hand at the Throttle

By PERCY M. CUSHING

THE blizzard that had gouged down into the hills, wiping out sheep herders and animals, snapping up a scattered section gang or two, and choking the gorges with snow, had nipped the Limited above Twin Rocks as she tried to squeeze through on the northern division. With her big Baldwin jammed in a ten-foot drift, she was four hours late now, and the methodical march of the hands on the clock at the mountain junction was steadily piling up the minutes against her. The two heavy rotaries that had groaned up the fifty-mile grade to clear the right of way had gone off the rails in a monster drift south of Caldron, the wrecking-train that followed had not been heard from, and I was left with plenty of time to comment inwardly on snow and railroads and the travelling business in general.

I did not look for sympathy, however.

"Too bad," said the ticket agent. "Such a shame," volunteered the lunch room girl. "Maybe she won't get here till tomorrow," cheerfully suggested the solitary stage-driver who took marooned passengers to the village three miles distant. But the baggage man only looked at me quietly out of his still gray eyes.

He was a drab bit of a man, wrinkled, withered, twisted. He slouched loosely on a bench in the shelter of the baggage shed down at the end of the long platform, where the main-line tracks threw off a bewildering tangle of snow-clogged switches into the broad trainyards below. Behind his calm gaze was the shadow of much hard toil. He glanced up at the dull sky streaming overhead.

"Lucky it stopped snowing, or you might have to wait all day," he volunteered, presently.

"Well, it'll begin again at once if my luck hoodoo is working the way it usually does," I returned as I offered him a cigar. He took it, put it in his hat, and made room for me on the bench.

"I guess your train will get here by noon," he said, indifferently. "They're clearing up the yards now, and when they get the rest of the rotaries going, they'll make short work of the drifts on the division."

He waved his hand toward the labyrinth of the yards.

"Here comes one of the new ten-wheelers—Pacific type. Beauty, isn't she? Going to take out one of the ploughs."

A great grim locomotive, with a stubby stack and huge clanging drivers, puffed slowly down a side-track, rumbled across a switch, and pushed up to a hulking plough. I remarked on the clean, powerful lines of the engine.

"Oh, that type's common now," he said without interest. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he glanced expectantly toward the yard. Somewhere from that direction a locomotive coughed dryly. There was something raspingly feeble about the sound, a sound that reminded me instinctively of the ghastly hack of a consumptive. It was weak, senile. I followed the old man's gaze. An engine was coming toward us. It rattled slowly up over switches and came to a stop beside the big, new monster that was panting with suppressed power behind the plough. I felt as though I wanted to laugh. The incongruity of the scene was almost humorous. I said the newcomer was an engine. Well it was, or rather it had been. It might have taken an expert to diagnose its identity now. Its tall thin stack, which reached half-way up the boiler of the big ten-wheeler at its side, tilted backward in a drunken attitude. From the tires of the low drivers to the top of the narrow, dented boiler, was gray dust and dinginess. The drivers themselves looked as though they might have been selected from an engine junk heap, and I guessed all of them were flat by the way the old machine limped. The cab windows were broken, and from one of them leaned a blue-coated man whose greasy appearance was in striking keeping with his dirty switcher. As I watched in half-amused wonder, the engineer threw the lever to the reverse, jerked at the throttle, and pulled the whistle-cord sharply. And then I started involuntarily.

It was not a whistle that ripped the frosty air—it was a shrill, penetrating shriek, amazingly loud for the feeble old locomotive. I turned to the baggage-man with an expression of surprise, and saw that he, too, had started at the sound. The slouch had gone from his shoulders and he sat bolt-upright. He pointed with the stem of his pipe at the retreating engine.

"Did you hear it—the woman?" he asked, quickly.

I laughed. "I heard an astonishingly loud squawk for such a pile of old iron," I returned.

"No, but the woman," he persisted, "the scream—I always hear it in the whistle of 492. That's why I quit."

"Quit what?" I asked.

He looked at me strangely. "Don't you know?" he said. "That was old 492—Jack Cook's engine. You've heard about Cook?"

I shook my head. For an instant his face fell. Then he brightened again.

"No, that's right, you said you were a stranger. It seems, though, as if everyone ought to know about Cook. They all know on this road. You see, I was Cook's fireman. I quit when he did. The last scoop of coal I ever tossed went into the fire-box of 492." She was the best engine on the road then—though it's hard to believe it now." He was silent a moment. Then he pulled his cap over his eyes. "I'll tell you about Jack," he said—"if you don't mind."

I nodded.

"Well," said the baggage-man, "he was the crack engine-driver on the road in those days. He was a big, honest fellow with a fine engine sense and a chilled-steel nerve. On duty he was a marvel. He could work twenty-four hours on a stretch and finish about as fresh as he started. And make time! Why, he could run on schedule through any kind of weather—weather that would make any other man crawl along with both eyes tied to the pilot and hardly daring to think. Everybody from the general manager to the section gangs knew that when Jack was late there was a pretty good reason for it. Of course he got the big runs. When we put on the first through special that cut the old time two hours, Jack took it out. The general superintendent went on record as saying that with four other drivers like Cook we could clip three hours off the new schedule, which was considered a world-beater then. And I guess he was right, too.

"Jack was a young man. I doubt if he was thirty-five, and there never was a better engineer to fire for if you stuck to business. All he demanded was results, and he didn't care how he got them, either. A fireman who couldn't give him steam at any cost, in any way, but somehow steam, didn't last long—he went to firing freight. But if you did your work and kept her hot, he was your friend.

"Cook had a peculiar smile that took him straight to your heart. He did everything with a smile. When he wanted something from McPherson, the master mechanic, and the crankiest man on the payroll, he smiled and got it. The other men could kick their hind legs off for half an hour, and at the end of that time got fired out of the office for their pains.

"Cook just smiled at everything. The first time I climbed into his cab and he told me that if I didn't keep her hot he'd throw me out of the window, he smiled. He smiled when a coupling-pin bit off his thumb at the second joint. He smiled when they threatened to suspend him for running down Long Hill so fast that every journal on the train caught fire. And once, with eight wild Pullmans, packed with women and children, chasing us down a mountain grade with a curve at the bottom, I looked across the cab at him and saw that cool, easy smile on his lips. He wasn't afraid of hell.

"Jack had a wife. She was a pretty bit of a girl, sort of frail and delicate, with big brown eyes and yellow fluffy hair. She had lived in the East with her folks till he met her. When they were married, she came West with him. It was kind of hard for her at first, I guess. She'd been used to everything she wanted in the city, for her people had money, I heard; and it was a big change out in the mountain town with hardly any neighbors, and Jack running long hours.

"Cook never said much about it, but it bothered him a lot, I thought. There were times when we'd spend a whole day on the engine together and he wouldn't open his mouth. Generally he would cheer up some when we got near the end of the run and he knew he would soon be home.

"She was crazy about him, too, they said. I had never spoken to her, but I saw her every day when we went past the house. When she was sick, I remember, he got a week's leave, and they said he sat at her bed for seven days and nights without closing his eyes. And once he told me he thought he'd buy a farm as soon as he could save the money.

"I had been firing for him for almost a year before the kid came. After that Cook never went home at the end of a day's run without stopping at a flower-shop. And the kid—well, it was a boy, and they called it Jack junior. Cook was mighty proud of it, too, and he used to tell me about the smart things it did, while we were waiting at stations.

"The Cooks lived at Goron City. They had a little white cottage out about four miles from the station, near the road. North of the house half a mile, the track, which was single in those days, ran across a short fifty-yard trestle which spanned Tongue Creek. On the other side of the trestle was a red signal-tower. Coming down the mountain, you shot around a deep curve and saw the tower quick ahead of you, about five hundred yards distant. From Wolf's Nest through Goron City to Red Hill, our terminal, it was down grade all the way. We always made great time over that forty miles. Old 492 was at her best in those days, and she used to hump our ten Pullmans better than a mile a minute on the run down. That was a long while ago, before they put yard drivers on her.

"Just before we reached the trestle we used to blow one long blast—the bridge signal. The road rules didn't require us to whistle for that bridge, but we always did it because of Jack's house; and Mrs. Cook knew when we struck the bridge by our voice. She used to come to the door of the cottage with the kid in her arms, and Jack would wave his hand, and she'd throw a kiss.

"Jack never said much about her until that cool June day when we were held up two hours by a freight wreck on the way over the Western divide. 'Blame that old pile of junk!' he exclaimed, pointing to the heap of derailed box cars that the wrecking crew were fighting with. 'Bess will wonder where we are, and I'm afraid she'll worry. We haven't been this late for a year.'

"'I guess we can make up something on the down-grade below Wolf's Nest,' I told him.

"He smiled a little. Then all of a sudden he turned to me, and his voice fell.

"'George,' he said, 'It's a great thing to have a wife. It makes a man out of a fellow—it makes things seem worth while. If it wasn't for Bess, I guess I wouldn't care much. I might be loafing up Opal Street with the other boys and the painted idols and the saloons. George, you get married.'

"It was so unusual for Jack that I just laughed, and when I started to reply he dropped down from the cab with an oil-can.

"The country was full of tourists from the East. The road had been clogged with them for two weeks; and on this day, when we reached Pouter, the chief train-despatcher had ordered another section added to our train. The section was all made up when we pulled in. There were two day coaches and twelve Pullmans, a heavy load, and most of the passengers were women and children from the East.

"Just before we left, the train-master came down the long platform.

"'Can you make up some time, Jack?' he asked, anxiously. Cook smiled.

"'Because,' said the station-master, 'we're going to run the next section close—about two minutes—to make room for number 7.'

"'Run her as close as you like, Saunders,' laughed Cook, as he swung into the cab.

"We were pulling a dozen heavy coaches, and I knew the job that was cut out for me. I started in to keep her hot, and Jack took care of the rest. And he knew how to do it, too. It was a slow climb nearly all the fifty miles to Wolf's Nest, and I was at the scoop steadily, while Jack wheeled her. We were going well, and Cook had just looked at his watch and shouted that we had made up ten minutes, when one of the journals on the express-car began to scream. Looking back, I could see the yellow flames squirting out of the box where the packing had caught fire. We held on as long as we dared and then stopped to cool it. It cost the ten minutes we had gained and another one before we were going again, and Jack glanced at his watch uneasily. The section, pounding up on schedule, had cut down the time we had gained, and was little more than a minute behind us, roaring along the curves in the hills like a cyclone.

"Stepping to the gangway, I looked back, half expecting to see her, but a short curve cut off my view. I didn't have time to worry about anything except my job then. Getting the heavy train started on the grade had pounded holes in my fire, and I had my hands full levelling them into shape.

"I was a rag when we roared through Wolf's Nest at a mile a minute and struck the long slope through Goron to Red Hill. I was dripping, aching like a malaria patient, and crazy mad at our luck.

"Cook was looking anxiously at his watch. I didn't remember ever having seen him nervous before, and he kept shooting quick glances at the steam-guage. I was pretty near all in, but I fed her coal for dear life. We were supposed to carry 150 pounds of steam on the old 492, but I had hard work holding the indicator at 140. For some reason she wasn't steaming well—it must have been the pounding my fires got on the grade after we stopped to cool the hot journal.

"'Two miles from the trestle above Jack's house, I looked back again along our swaying string of sleepers and saw the smoke of the section's engine shooting up around a curve less than a mile behind. She was coming like an avalanche. A moment later I felt the lurch of the engine as we struck the curve above the signal-tower. Climbing up to my window, I looked ahead. And then my heart turned to stone.

"Near the middle of the narrow trestle, coming straight toward us, was a woman with a child in her arms. It was too late for her to turn back—too late for her to cross. The bridge was just wide enough for the track. There was no room for her to step aside. A hundred feet below, the yellow waters of Tongue Creek crawled among the gray rocks.

"There was a quarter of a mile between us and the woman, and I thought at the time that we might have stopped. I knew afterward that, with the heavy section so close behind us, it would have meant certain disaster; and there were eight hundred women and children on that other section.

"I didn't think then, but I guess Cook did. Like a flash I turned toward him. He was looking ahead out of the window—motionless. I leaped across to him. 'The air—God, man, the air!' I screamed in his ear as I clutched for the lever. He tore me from it, and hurled me back into the cab. Again I flung myself upon him. He drove his bony fist full into my face. I reeled against the tank, caught myself, and somehow got to my window.

"The woman stood in the middle of the track. She was looking back over her shoulder at a freight wheezing up a siding on the other side. Her pink dress fluttered in the soft mountain breeze. Her light, fluffy hair blew loose about her face. It was all in a flash—one of those pictures that stay on a man's mind forever.

"And then I heard the crash of air as we went by the tower, and instinctively I caught the whistle-cord. We always whistled there—whistled for Jack's house—one long blast.

"The woman heard it, the hoarse, familiar tone of 492. She looked up, the dawn of a smile on her face, looked expectantly and—saw us thundering down upon her. I have always thought she did not understand, did not grasp her peril. I can see her now, standing there as if she was cut in marble, the baby close in her arms, the look of surprise struggling with the fading smile in the wide eyes she turned up to Jack's window. And in that instant the whole scene went out under the merciful loom of the boiler, and I heard the scream of the section's whistle as her engineer threw the brakes close behind us.

"I pulled myself together and sprang to the gang-way. The trestle had flowed beneath us. The silver threads of track stretched ahead, shining in the sunlight. A bit of pink cloth fluttered from the cylinder head.

"Just beyond, a small white cottage huddled beside the track. The windows were empty. The door was shut. There was no one there. She had started down to the signal-tower to see what had delayed us.

"I looked across at Jack. He sat stiffly in his seat, his left hand clutching the throttle. His right arm hung loose at his side. He was staring ahead out of the open window. His face was turned a little away from me and I could not see it. He sat just as he sat after he had hurled me from the air lever. I don't think he moved after that.

"I looked at his back. Something made me step across the cab to him. I shouted in his ear. I took hold of his shoulder. I shook him. His hand dropped from the throttle and flapped loosely to the jolt of the swaying engine. I pulled his head back and stared into his face. His lips were set in a smile—that old smile. His eyes were wide open but sightless. He was stone dead."

The baggage-man knocked the ashes from his short pipe, took my cigar carefully from his hat, and sniffed it.

"Real Havanna," he remarked. "Got a match?"

I struck one and held it for him. He puffed silently for a moment. Slowly the slouch crept up over him again. The starch went out of his back and he huddled against the wall of the shed.

THE PREMIER'S TOUR IN THE WEST

Sir Wilfrid Addressing His First Western Audience at Winnipeg

ATHLETICS AS AN AID TO TRADE

AN alliance of athletics and commerce, in which the latter profits through the keenness induced and energy infused by the former, is being consummated in many American business firms and corporations today.

One of the best examples of how athletics has been made to increase the working value of a business establishment is that of a large life-insurance company. The office building has been equipped with a complete gymnasium and shower-baths, a competent athletic instructor has been retained, and a schedule of athletic work has been mapped out for employees, both male and female. The gymnasium occupies the eleventh floor, and here, during the luncheon hour, directly after business hours, and on specified evenings during the week, the employees are given physical training. The women are provided with a special instructress on basketball teams during the winter months. In spring and summer the gymnasium is moved up to the roof.

In addition a football team has been organized, and this, together with the baseball and basketball teams, plays off a series of games with the other teams composing the business athletic association known as the Commercial League.

Although athletic exercise in conjunction with business is not insisted upon by the officials of this company, the majority of the employees have entered into the movement with enthusiasm. It is an interesting chronicle, furthermore, that the efficiency of the great working staff has been found to have increased wonderfully since the "athletic alliance" has been put into practice. The heads of the various departments assert that not only has an esprit de corps been generated, but those of the employees who avail themselves of the athletic schedule are more fit for strong work than are those who skip it.

"You will find, too," says the instructor, "that on Thursdays, the day following the lack of gymnasium work for the men, the employees do not give nearly the impression of alertness that they evidence on the other days." The instructor keeps his eyes on the physical condition of the clerks not only during gymnasium hours, but also during his rounds of the departments throughout the day. Thus he is enabled to notice sagging vitality and to suggest to the employees so affected the remedy. The heads of the departments declare that the athletic movement perfected by the officials has succeeded in doubling the efficiency of the different staffs of workers under their immediate charge.

The officials of another life-insurance company, although they have not as yet elaborated their athletic-business system to the same extent, have declared themselves similarly in favor of the idea. The president and the associate actuary of the company have provided silver cups to be awarded to those of the clerical staff who shall perfect their physical well-being to the extent of winning points at the two yearly office field meets. In addition, three medals are presented in each event as a further stimulus and incentive for the men. At each of these meets, which are attended by the officers in person, all twelve departments of the company are represented on the athletic field. There is a regularly organized baseball team, and a gymnastic schedule will be put into operation as soon as a gymnasium can be rigged up.

The owner of one of the large department stores is a thorough believer in the value and importance of athletics as a means of furthering the working ability of his employees, and he loses no opportunity to exploit his ideas on the subject. His employees have been encouraged by him to organize an athletic association, and their numerous baseball and golf teams have received substantial help from his hands in the way of outfits and playing paraphernalia. In order that the small boys who work in his stores should not be overlooked in his athletic-trade campaign, he has sanctioned and helped along a system of military exercises and drills. For this purpose he has set aside the fourteenth floor of his building. Directly after business hours on Tuesdays and Fridays the boys, two hundred and seventy-five strong, are put through the exercises. Uniforms and guns have been supplied to them gratis, and every inducement is held out to make them indulge in the work. A regularly organized summer camp has been put into operation, and there, in the warm months, the boys are given courses in military training.

Several stores have gathered together their employees into an athletic league that wages contests in such sports as baseball, bowling, etc. Many firms arrange annual field days for their clerks. During the luncheon hours, the roof of the building of one large department store is thrown open to the clerks, and there, any day, they may be seen going through "breathing exercises," "muscle tests," and like forms of light, though beneficial, exercises. At different times during the year a physical-culture expert is brought to the store to explain to the employees in just what ways they can derive the best results from what we may term "on the spot" exercises—that is, those physical movements incidental to their duties which make for erect carriage, deep breathing, easy stride, and general bodily benefit.

To illustrate more intimately just what is meant by such "on the spot" exercises, the best example is to be had from the courses of physical instruction that have been given to the female employees of this same department store. The young women have been formed into classes, and, on one of the upper floors of the building, have been given an odd schedule of instruction in exercises by a woman who has made a study of so-called "shop physical culture." The women clerks are taught the proper way to reach for boxes from the shelves, the best way to handle the boxes, the most beneficial way to walk and sit, the proper way to breathe, the best manner in which to pile up heavy rolls of drygoods—to sum up, the way in which to build up their bodies through attention to the seemingly minor details of their work. The idea has proved itself productive of good results. The firm maintains a home on the Jersey coast where its women clerks are sent during the summer months to add to their store of health. It is interesting to note, in addition, that the firm employs a physician to keep a constant watch on the condition of its employees, that it has a hospital department in conjunction with its establishment, and that, finally, it hires a chiropodist whose sole duty is to look out for the care of the feet of those of its clerks whose duties keep them constantly standing or walking about the store.

The shop-gymnasium movement has spread throughout the manufacturing districts of the Eastern States. Athletics has come to be a valuable adjunct to trade. The movement has already assumed considerable proportions, and the results make assurance of that spread doubly sure.

ARTISTS WHO PAINT WITH THEIR TEETH

ONE is fairly familiar with the amazing feats of men who are handicapped by the loss of limbs, such as the late Mr. Kavanagh, the Irish M.P., who, although he was born without legs or arms, was a dashing rider to hounds, an expert shot, and one of the most adventurous of travellers and explorers; and Mr. C. H. Unthan, the armless music-hall artiste, who, not long ago, drove a trap from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank and back, holding the reins in his toes. But even more amazing, and almost incredible, are the feats of men who paint exquisite pictures by holding the brush in their mouths or toes, in the pathetic absence of hands to paint with.

A short time ago Sir William Richmond startled a London audience by declaring that there is in Brussels an armless artist who produces the most beautiful and technically correct paintings with his right foot alone as medium, and that there is another artist in Essex who does excellent work as an engraver, holding the graver in his teeth.

The late Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A. used to tell wonderful stories of the cleverness of Miss Sarah Biffen, who was born without limbs, was exhibited as a freak at country fairs. She had, however, strong artistic leanings, and with incredible patience learned to paint so cleverly, holding her brushes in her teeth, that in 1821 she actually won ten gold medal of the Society of Arts against hundreds of competitors, the judges being totally ignorant of her condition.

In later days she developed marvellous skill as a miniature painter, and astonished the world of art by the beauty and delicacy of her work, which was pronounced superior to that of any of her rivals who enjoyed the use of hands.

Some years ago—in 1896—the world was equally astonished to learn that one of the most beautiful paintings exhibited at the Salon was the work of M. de Mertholon, an artist who had no arms and only one leg, and who painted the picture with the only limb Nature had left him.

M. de Mentholon has a formidable rival in Mr. Bertram Hiles, whose artwork as designer and painter has for some years excited both wonder and admiration. Mr. Hiles's story furnishes a remarkable example of the triumph of pluck over difficulties that might well have daunted the bravest man.

As a boy of eight, just as he was beginning to develop a skill in drawing, he had the misfortune to be run over by a Bristol tramcar, losing both his arms. In spite of this terrible calamity, the boy determined to persist in his art. By patient practice he found that he was able to draw by holding the pencil in his teeth; and progressed so well that within two years he won a first-class certificate at the local art school.

Since these early days Mr. Hiles's progress has been rapid and remarkable. From drawing he proceeded to painting; his pictures have found eager purchasers for their intrinsic value as works of art, Queen Victoria becoming the owner of many of them; and an exhibition of his paintings a few years ago, at Crystal Palace, was a perfectly amazing testimony to his skill, courage, and industry.

THE WASTE OF GREAT MEN

THREE of the greatest men living and working today, says the London Daily Mail, are without opportunity for the employment of their talents in the public service. These "greatest men" are Bernard Dernburg, Lord Kitchener, and Colonel Roosevelt. Dernburg, we are told, is a victim of class pride, Kitchener, of Radical hatred of militarism, Roosevelt, of the cast-iron system of American political life. England would have treated Dernburg better, declares this writer:

"Had Herr Dernburg been an Englishman, he would have led one of the parties in the State and won the admiration of his fellow countrymen. For many years the highest offices England has to bestow have been held by members of the middle class."

But, on the other hand, if Germany had a great soldier or organizer like Kitchener, he would be treated better than the English Government is treating him:

"If Germany might boast so highly distinguished a citizen, she would not leave him a month without the responsibility of public service. A foreigner contemplating the present state of Great Britain might well wonder why Lord Kitchener's keen precision and marvelous power of organization were put to no use whatever. He is what most we need in these days of uncertainty—a soldier who knows not merely how to command an army in the field, but by what methods of discipline that army may be trained to make the best use of its skill and courage. His career has been a career of unbroken success. He possesses in a very high degree the qualities of command. He is perfectly detached from the meaner intrigues of public life. His very great abilities have always been concentrated upon his profession alone, and he is better able to give England what England wants than any living man. And England hesitates to provide his genius with its opportunity."

Mr. Roosevelt is condemned to inaction from another cause. His great talents and strength of character are kept from serving the Republic as he has served, neither by the intrigues nor the antimilitarism of his fellow countrymen. He is, indeed, in a way, much better off than either Dernburg or Kitchener, and we read:

"He has for nearly eight years been the President of a great Republic. In accordance with precedent he shrank most properly from a third term, and no longer holding the highest office he can hold none. He must be either Caesar or nothing. He is Caesar no longer. Therefore, in his own country at any rate, he must content himself with nothingness. Far happier is he than either Herr Dernburg or Lord Kitchener. He suffers from nothing worse than an inevitable system. The discipline of government demands that one who has held an almost supreme power should serve no other when that power is laid aside. The day may come when Mr. Roosevelt, ripened by the experience of foreign travel, may resume the duties of the Presidency. Meanwhile, in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, he may expound his views concerning politics and morality to a sympathetic world."

The irony of the situation, concludes the writer, "lies in this":

"That, while Mr. Roosevelt's enforced holiday is intelligible to all men, Germany is aghast at the recklessness of England which defers the appointment of Lord Kitchener even for an hour, and England, in revenge, fails hopelessly to solve the riddle of German superstition which can dispense with a master of administration because he does not belong to the dominant caste."

IN EXILE

Springtime again in Paris: Laughter
and song and May.
From Neuilly Gate to Pere La Chaise,
Parnasse to Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am
seas away!

The conquering sun comes marching beneath the Arc, and there,
Sharp to the left, adown the Bois, go
trotting pair and pair;
The Tuileries Gardens glitter with ribbon gay nourrices,
And sculptured Fenelon himself smiles
up at St. Sulpice.

The very pave is merry with all the
hurrying feet
The Faubourg and the Quartier brush
shoulders on the street,
And down the boulevards again the
table chatter swings,
For it is spring in Paris, and the heart
of Paris sings.

I know the lamps will sparkle soon
through all the capital,
Will light the ways of dark Montmartre,
but most light Place Pigelle;
And, oh, tonight I wonder: Is Pepe
Fernan there,
And Cecile and De Bronsky, Xerine and
suave Albert?

Does Concha Mendez sing tonight? Do
Dirce and Clarice
And Eulalie and Nanon Blanc whirl in
the mad mattchiche?
Oh, Leonine and Sanchon, Julie, Celeste,
Lizette,
My heart is beating with you; my
dreams are with you yet!

Springtime again in Paris! Laughter
and song and May
From Neuilly Gate to Pere La Chaise,
Parnasse to Rue Riquet!
Springtime again in Paris—and I am
years away!
—Reginald W. Kauffman, in Smart Set

IN the House of Lords, some time ago, Lord Crewe made a speech on a subject which he desired to leave a matter for open voting among his followers. Lord Lansdowne congratulated his friend on his eloquent speech.

"I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality."

A pause.

"Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Five thousand people are employed all over the country obtaining daily records of the rainfall in their respective localities by Dr. H. R. Mill, who directs the British Rainfall Organization, of Camden Square, London, Eng.

The Wainwright Star

An Independent Newspaper published every Thursday evening at Wainwright, Alberta.

Subscription Price: To any part of Canada $1.00 per year in advance. To the United States $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES

Lost, Found, and Estray notices $1.00 per four insertions payable in advance

Legal, Government and Municipal Advertising 12c. per agate line. Fourteen lines to the inch.

L. S. GOWE MANAGER

THURSDAY AUGUST 4, 1910

BUY AT HOME.

The manager of the Star this week received a catalogue of a big mail order house, which is getting a lot of Wainwright dollars. Have the people who make a practice of sending their money out of town to help enrich this octopus, which is sucking the life blood out of many of the small towns in Canada, thought of what they are doing? The Board of Trade is spending a lot of money in advertising the advantages of this town and district, and the people should second their efforts by buying at home. The people should stand together, and endeavor to keep every cent possible in the town. Your local merchant, in nine cases out of ten, can give you just as good value, if you take your cash to him, as the mail order concerns. The latter pays no taxes here; does not contribute to your Dominion Day celebration; does not shell out for boosting purposes, as do the local business men. The local merchant has his hand in his pocket nearly every day for some cause designed for the advancement of the town and he is entitled to the confidence and patronage of the towns-people. Think over the different phases of the question, and keep your money at home. You will be surprised at the difference that it will make in the town. The local business people will be encouraged to enlarge their stocks, and everyone in the place will be better off. Of course, there are a few hopeless cases, which no amount of argument, or sense of loyalty to their home town, or idea of fair play could wean away from these outside concerns.

Coun. Fox Loses Case

Prosecuted C. T. Lally for Alleged Violation of Village Ordinance, But Justice Ross Decided Against Him.

"I have given this case considerable thought, and have carefully looked into the evidence as submitted by the complainant, and I have been unable to find that the hay referred to in the complaint was owned by Mr. Lally, the defendant; or that it was within one hundred feet of a building such as is set forth in the section of the Village Ordinance under which the case is brought. I therefore feel it my duty to dismiss the case."

With these words Justice Ross this afternoon gave judgment against Coun. Fox in the case which he brought against C. T. Lally, for an alleged breach of the Village Ordinance, which states that hay or straw must not be left exposed within one hundred feet of any building in which a fire is ever lighted.

The case came up last Monday morning, and after Mr. Fox has given his evidence, H. V. Fieldhouse for the defendant, moved that it be dismissed without calling upon the defence, contending that a case had not been made out.

His Honor said he would take some time to consider the point, and adjourned the case until this afternoon, when he gave judgment as stated.

The judgment was not pleasing to Coun. Fox who asked for a copy of the proceedings.

This would indicate that he had some idea of appealing the case, but he would make no statement as to his intentions.

Methodist Notes

The choir has been re-organized, with Mrs. C. G. Fieldhouse as leader and Miss Winnie Isteed as organist. New music has been secured and good music is assured at all services.

The Sunday school picnic last week to the Buffalo Park was a very enjoyable affair, and was largely attended.

Rev. Mr. Philps' subject for Sunday evening will be "Life's a Jest" or "Sweetness in Religion."

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold their regular meeting next Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

Evangelists Johnson and Scott will conclude services at Greenshields this week and begin at the Gilt Edge district, northeast of Wainwright next Sunday at 3 p. m., in the school house.

Sensations

(Continued from page one)

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Jacob Goehring, $7.00; Washburn & Mills, 80c; R. A. McKay, $3.60; Fire Brigade, $13.20; Betts & Co., $12.25; Express, 60c; Lush Co., $2.00; Wm. Hair $42.15; (less items for lumber purchased without authority and draying charges;) R. Blevins, $26.00; R. V. Fieldhouse, $5.80; H. V. Fieldhouse, salary, $40.00; Jacob Goehring, $56.00; Wainwright Star, $19.32; Imperial Lumber Co., $64.43; Wainwright Lumber Co., $124.82.

An item in the latter account for boxes furnished, Mabey & Wells, will be charged to the latter firm.

Financial Statement, L. I. D. 24-C-4

Following is the financial statement of L. I. D., 24-C-4, as presented to the Council at their most recent meeting:—

DIVISION NO. 1

	Cr.	Dr
To bal. Jan 1st, 1910	$	$186 30
By arrears received, 1909 tax	211 50	
By 1909 tax receipts	299 80	
To expenditures, (sundries) 1910		16 70
July 1, by balance		308 30
	$511 30	$511 30

DIVISION NO. 2

	Cr.	Dr
To bal. Jan. 1st, 1910	$	$ 66 83
By arrears, 1909 tax received	177 60	
By 1910 tax receipts	467 73	
To sundry expenditures		16 70
To labor		1 00
July 1, by balance		560 80
	$645 33	$645 33

DIVISION NO. 3

	Cr.	Dr
By bal. Jan. 1st, 1910	$ 33 74	$
By 1909 arrears received	102 01	
By 1910 Fox receipts	317 32	
To sundry expenditures		16 70
By balance July 1st, 1910		436 37
	$453 07	$453 07

DIVISION NO. 4

	Cr.	Dr
To bal. Jan. 1st, 1910	$	$ 46 88
By 1909 arrears received	11 38	
By 1910 Fox receipts	129 11	
To sundry expenditures		16 20
Balance July 1st, 1910		77 41
	$140 49	$140 49

DIVISION NO. 5

	Cr.	Dr
To bal. Jan. 1st, 1910	$	$169 23
To sundry expenditures		16 40
By 1910 tax receipts	64 70	
July 1st, balance, dr.	120 93	
	$185 63	$185 63

DIVISION NO. 6

	Cr.	Dr
By bal. Jan 1st, 1910	$ 4 96	$
By 1910 tax receipts	46 35	
To sundry expenditures		1 00
By balance July 1st, 1910		50 31
	$ 51 31	$ 51 31

L. I. D. 24-C-4 BALANCE SHEET

	Cr.	Dr
Indebtedness of Dist. Jan, 1st. 1910		$420 04
Discounts	$489 50	
Note paid March 30th		500 00
1909 tax arrears received	502 49	
1910 tax receipts	1,325 01	
Sundry expenditures		84 70
Cr. bal. of District, July 1st		1,312 26
	$2,317 00	$2,317 00

W. B. Crawford

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS BROKER

Main Street - Wainwright

Money to loan on town and farm property. Terms to suit, from one to ten years at lowest rates.

Fire and life insurance.

G. T. P. town lots.

HOUSES FOR SALE OR RENT

Rents collected.

Agent for Alberta's best coal.

Choice improved and unimproved lands from $12 up, on easy terms.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halterman wish to thank the members of the Fire Department for the kind remembrance presented them Tuesday night, in honor of their recent marriage.

◆ ◆ ◆

H. V. Fieldhouse and T. G. Cook were passengers to Jarrow today.

MEDICAL

W. ARCHIBALD WATSON, Physician and Surgeon Graduate Northwestern University Chicago. House Surgeon People's Hospital, Chicago, for one year. Office: over S. C. Betts & Co. store. Residence, 5th Ave and Main Street.

J. G. MIDDLEMASS, M. D., Graduate of Trinity and Toronto University. Toronto, Ont. Office, Room 2, Small Block.

DENTAL

Dr. J. W. McQueen Dentist, late of Strathcona. Graduate of Detroit College of Dental Surgery and of Haskell Post Graduate College Dentistry, Chicago. Office, Wainwright.
At office in Wainwright weeks of second Monday and fourth Monday of each month.

LEGAL

H. V. FIELDHOUSE, B.A., L.L.B., Barrister-at-Law, Advocate, Notary Public Etc.
Special attention given to collections. Money to Loan. Fire and Life Insurance written.
Office, East of Merchants Bank on Second Avenue.

ARCHITECT

E. D. STIMPSON, Architect, and Structural-Engineer, Wainwright, Alberta

LODGE NOTICES.

The Knights of Pythias

WAINWRIGHT Lodge, No 28, Knights of Pythias, meets every Wednesday evening at 8.00 in the Wainwright Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

C. T. LALLY C.C. N. CULP K.R.S.

The Wainwright Lodge No. 45 I.O.O.F.

Meets every other Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Wainwright Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

Roy Readman R. S. W. K. Mills N. G.

Total Assets Oct. 30, 1909 Over $42,000,000

UNION BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1865

Every Service A Bank Can Render

to a Farmer, a Merchant, a Business Man, Firm or Corporation, a School Board or a Municipality, we are prepared to render you.

Notes of other Negotiable Paper discounted or taken for collection. Money transmitted by Draft, Money Order or Telegraph or Cable Transfer. Foreign Exchange bought and sold. Travellers' Letters of Credit issued.

Highest current rate of Interest paid on Savings deposits. $1.00 or upward starts an account.

WAINWRIGHT BRANCH R. B. DAVISON, Manager
BRANCH ALSO AT IRMA

The Star's Want Dept.

HORSES FOR SALE—A lot of horses from 900 to 1400 lbs. Broken and unbroken. Geldings and mares, (native.) Can be seen at L. F. Byrnes' ranch, Edgerton. 46-4 pd

ESTRAY—One light red fat cow, no horns, branded BT on hip, weight about 1300 lbs. Strayed from Wainwright about the first of July. Anyone having knowledge of the above kindly notify the owner, E. F. Mott.

SALE OF HORSES—An unreserved sale of horses and mares, at public auction, will take place at the stock yards, Wainwright, on Saturday, the 13th of August, at 10 o'clock sharp. Terms: One-half cash, balance four months credit on approved joint lien note at 8 per cent. interest. Five per cent. discount for cash on credit amounts. V. B. Robbins, auctioneer.

FOR SALE—One heavy wagon ¾ inch skein, 3 inch tire. Has been run two years. Complete with double box, for $75.00. Apply to E F. Mott.

WANTED—Everyone in this district who does not already get the Wainwright Star to subscribe at once.

FOR SALE—A number of general purpose horses. May be seen at Buffalo Park Stables. Cattley & Gregson, proprietors.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE—Lot in Morinville, worth $300 for pair of horses, or for single horse and buggy. Apply at Central Store, Wainwright. t.f.

SALE OF HORSES—All kinds of agricultural horses for sale at all times. Matched teams, well broken. Prices moderate. Apply S. E. ¼ 24-45-7, G. L. Hudson.

Procrastination is the Thief of Time

Are you thinking of building before winter? If so call and see us and inspect our material. Don't hesitate because you think lumber is high; call and see what our prices really are.

We sell No. 1 Fir and Cedar cheaper than spruce.

The Imperial Lumber Co'y., Limited
T. G. COOK, Manager

Grand Trunk Pacific

SASKATOON FAIR
AUGUST 9 TO 12, 1910

REDUCED FARES

From Stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Good going August 8th to 11th inclusive.

Returning until August 15th 1910.

Passengers from stations where there are no Agents can purchase reduced fare tickets on trains from Train Agents.

Apply to nearest G. T. P. Agent for fares.

Harness Shop
H. WARD, Prop.
Opposite lumber yards.

A full line of Harness, Saddles, Oils, etc., etc.

Repair work promptly executed, Reasonable prices.
Call and inspect my stock.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

EASTBOUND

No. 2, through passenger, arrives daily at 2.20 p. m., and departs at 2.30 p. m.

No. 40, mixed, departs at 7 a. m., for Biggar, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

No. 42, arrives from Edmonton at 5.30 p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

WESTBOUND

No. 1, through passenger, arrives daily at 3.20 p. m., and departs at 3.30 p. m.

No. 41, mixed, departs at 7.30 a. m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

No. 39, arrives from the east at 9 p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Summer Tourist Fares

NOW IN EFFECT TO
Eastern Canada, New England States, Boston and New York
Choice of Routes
Stop-over Privileges
Free Side Trips
Agency for all Steamship Lines and Cooks' Tours.
Write for particulars
A. E. DUFF
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260 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

PURE
Milk and CREAM

AERATED AND PUT UP IN BOTTLES . . .

DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY

O. LIMPERT

John Berry

PLASTERER AND BRICKLAYER

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

Until further notice orders may be left at the store of P. D. Laird & Son

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED IN 1864

HEAD OFFICE - - -	MONTREAL
CAPITAL PAID UP - -	$6,000,000
RESERVE FUND - -	$4,600,000

Savings Department

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. $1.00 starts an account. Interest allowed at highest Bank Rate, and added twice a year without application or presentation of Pass Book.

No delay in withdrawals—Two or more persons may open a Joint Account, and withdraw by individual receipt.

WAINWRIGHT BRANCH H. G. MORISON, MGR.

Flies Spread Disease
KILL 'EM WITH
NATIONAL FLY SHIELDS
OR CATCH 'EM WITH
TANGLEFOOT

OLD DATE MAGAZINES
10c each - 3 for 25c

The Wainwright Pharmacy
Drugs and Stationery Soda and Tobacco
Established 1908

Mr. Jones---"Hello, has Brown been building a new house?"

Mr. Smith---"Oh, no! That is his old one painted up. Bert Cox did the work. He's a corker, I tell you."

Fill Your Bins
BEFORE COAL GETS SCARCE

We will have our sheds full the latter part of August
We sell Pennsylvania Hard Coal
and Clover Bar Soft Coal.

THE WAINWRIGHT FUEL CO.
V. E. GRAHAM, Manager

Brick! Brick!
BRICK

Are you aware that you have a brickyard at your door?

If you are thinking of building a house or store, see me. I have half a million good red brick ready for delivery.

W. D. McKAY
BRICK MANUFACTURER

The World of Sport

BASEBALL.

HARDISTY 14; WAINWRIGHT 3.

On Friday afternoon last, a terrible massacre took place on the Recreation grounds here. It seems almost incredable, but the Hardisty team won from Wainwright by the score of 14 to 3, a worse beating than the locals administered to Hardisty here some weeks ago. Hardisty's success may be attributed to several causes. In the first place they had three professionals in their team. Their pitcher, whose name was given as "Trent," was none other then Drectho, who played on Edmonton's pro. team early this season. "Barnes," who played left field, is also a pro. His real name is Barnsted. "Irish," the short stop has also played in fast company.

Knowledge that they were up against professionals seemed to unnerve the local players, and they did not play up to their usual standard. Betts pitched a good game, but his support was ragged and uncertain. He got in the first run for the locals. This was in the fourth inning. The visitors had scored two in the second innings. Wainwright did not score again until the seventh, when "Doc" Watson and Smith both tallied. This ended the run-getting of the locals.

Hardisty scored three in the fifth, and when they put in five in the sixth, it was all off with the hopes of the Wainwright fans.

The sad story is told in the following summary:

HARDISTY

Irish, ss	2
Hufomeyer, c	2
Barnes, lf	2
Trent, p	1
Longman, 3b	2
Jeglum, cf	1
Jeglum, 1b	2
Hinckley, 2b	1
Smith, rf	1

WAINWRIGHT

Crittenden, rf	0
Reynolds	0
Lewis, 1b	0
Betts, p	1
Haley, ss	0
Trenouth, c	0
Watson, lf	1
Readman, cf	0
Smith, 3b	1

Score by innings:—

Hardisty 0 2 0 0 3 5 0 4 0—14
Wainwright 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0— 3

THE LURE OF BASEBALL.

Boston is one of the greatest baseball towns in the world. Win or lose, Boston has stayed with the pastime. The other day the Red Sox gave Hugh Jennings' Tigers the short end of the score in both sessions of a double-header, and 33,000 Boston people saw the performance. There is some food for thought in what the Boston Post says about this great crowd; there's advice for magnates who do not realize that baseball is an entertainment pure and simple, and that it pays to have a classy club. The Post says:

"What has the student of sociology to say regarding the excitement that draws a crowd of 33,000 eager citizens of all kinds and classes to a baseball park—as it did to Boston yesterday—there to watch a long game with the absorbed interest, to go into a frenzy of enthusiasm as the home team finally nosed out a victory, and then stay to see another?

There are several things he might say, among them that the American people—for a great baseball concourse is as truly representative as any gathering possible in this country of ours—dearly [illegible] a fight. They relish immensely the stirring contest now being waged by the Red Sox to clinch second place and then dash on for the pennant. They want to be a part of the battle.

TRIGGER AND TRAP

STIMPSON WINS GOLD BUTTON.

E. T. Stimpson is wearing the Gun Club's gold button this week, having won it with a score of 21. L. McLuhan, chased him very closely, winding up with 20 to his credit. Both fell down on their last frame, McLuhan broke 19 out of the first 20, and Stimpson 18 out of 20.

E. C. Buckley, was also right at the winner's heels, having broken 20. Mr. Buckley is always well up with the winners, and it will be his turn next to wear the gilded emblem. The honor has kept circulating pretty well. P. E. Ross once more captured the silver button, his score being 16.

Following are the scores in detail:

E. C. Buckley, 20; J. Warner, 13; M. L. Forster, 12; S. C. Betts, 4; M. Doersam, 13; E. T. Stimpson, 21; W. E. Washburn, 18; L. McLuhan, 20; H. V. Fieldhouse, 12; P. E. Ross, 16; E. C. Logan, 13; P. Dewar, 15; H. G. Morison, 10; Dr. Watson, 9; W. J. Musson, 6; A. Vallie, 7.

RING

WHO BACKED JOHNSON?

New York, July 27—Who got all the money lost on Jeffries?

No big winners on the battle fought on the blankets of the Truckee, the townlet of Reno in the Statelet of Nevada, on the Fourth of July, can be found. Everybody, that is most everybody, lost. Who got the kale?

There's not a single fight player of any prominence who strung along with Lil-Artha. The entire band of high operators, almost to a man, backed [illegible] Los Angeles lemon. Such a big bettor as Senator Dry Dollar Tim Sullivan of New York states that he dropped the biggest wager of his career, and big Tim has never been a piker.

Actor Nat Godwin, always a high roller, went to Hocksville and bet what he raised on one of his mines on Jeffries. Hinky Dinky McKenna, the Chicago alderman and booze parlor keeper, was also on. So was Buck Cornelius, the best known sporting man in Pittsburg.

Even the fighters, save John L. Sullivan, Battling Nelson, Stanley Ketchel and one or two others, played Jeff. Grand old Bob Fitzsimmons didn't arrive from far-off Australia, until 48 hours before the battle. He bet what he had on Jeff and when he discovered that his credit was good, borrowed the limit. Tommy Burns also dropped his dough on Jeff.

There was enough Jeff mazuma dumped in Reno to make the California cabbage a 1 to 20 shot. Still the merry old 10 to 6 1-2 price stuck; in fact, the speculation went 2 to 1 at ringside. On the race track the wise bees would have gone to the longshot to a man. The Truckee River fight has called for a lot of after-chatter. Thus far no one has ever hinted that the D. O. P. got stung. But who got all the money that was lost on Jeff?

That's something everybody in every township in the land would like to know. Will the winners kindly stand up?

The Minto cup, emblematic of the lacrosse supremacy of Canada, will remain in New Westminster for a spell yet. The Montreal challengers were defeated in the series just finished by the score of 23 to 9. The challengers were outplayed in every game.

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Synopsis of Canadian North West Land Regulations.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old may homestead a 1-4 section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicants must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within 9 miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a 1-4 section alongside his homestead. Price $2.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry, including the time required to earn homestead patent and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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GEORGE REYNOLDS, PROP.

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued

Night-Walkers

HAVE you noticed a tall, light-haired man, with a long mustache, around here at all, either today or yesterday?"

"If he's got blue eyes and wears a brown striped suit, he was here this morning and asked me where he could find you," Tuttle answered. "Is that your man?"

"The same. His name is Fairfax. He's the real Fairfax. He'll be likely to return. Until Robinson appears again, you can keep your eye on this office, spot Fairfax, and then keep him shadowed for a time. Find where he lives, where he goes, and what he does."

"Anything more?"

"Keep track of old man Robinson, and let me know as soon as Theodore returns."

Tuttle rose as if to go. He hesitated, turning his hat in his hands.

"Would it be asking too much if I suggested I need a little money?" he inquired. "The Robinsons pay with hot air."

"I can let you have twenty-five," said Garrison, pulling out his rapidly diminishing roll. "That do?"

"Fine," said Tuttle, receiving the bills. "When shall I——"

A messenger boy came plunging in at the door without the slightest formality.

"Telegram for Garrison," he said. "Sign here."

"Wait half a minute, Tuttle," said Garrison, tearing open the envelope, as the boy was departing, and he read the wire almost at a glance.

It was dated from Branchville.

"Come up here as soon as possible. Important.

"James Pike."

For a moment Garrison failed to remember the personality of James Pike. Then it came with a flash—the coroner! Aware at once that the tale of possible murder in the Hardy case had been spread and discussed all over the State, he realized that Pike, and others who had been concerned when John Hardy's body was found in their jurisdiction, might have come upon new material.

"Nothing to add to instructions," he said to Tuttle. "I shall be out of town tonight, and perhaps a part of tomorrow."

Tuttle took his leave. Garrison paced up and down the office floor for half an hour. He was very much in hopes that word might come from Dorothy as to where she had chosen a room. The afternoon was gone, and he was famished.

He left at last, went to a restaurant, ate a hearty meal, and returned to the office rather late. On the floor lay a notification of a special delivery letter, to be had at the nearest sub-station.

He was there in the shortest possible time.

The letter was from Dorothy. It began "Dear Jerold," but it merely informed him she had found apartments on Madison Avenue, not far from Twenty-ninth Street.

He wrote her a note to acquaint her with the fact that new developments called him at once to Branchville, whence he might continue to Albany, and this, with a dozen magnificent roses, he sent by special messenger to Miss Jeraldine Root.

He was still enabled to catch a fairly early train from Grand Central Station.

A little after eight o'clock he arrived in Branchville, found James Pike's real estate office ablaze with light, and walked in on that busy gentleman, who rose in excitement to grasp him by the hand.

"You got my wire?" demanded Mr. Pike. "I'm awful glad you came. I turned up something in the Hardy case that I think you ought to know. Got a man coming 'round here in fifteen minutes who read up on the murder suspicions and the rest of it, and he saw a stranger, down in Hickwood the night of Hardy's death, get into Hardy's room at Mrs. Wilson's. It just struck me you ought to know, and so I wired."

"Thank you very much," said Garrison. "I consider this highly important. Who is your man?"

"He ain't a man, he's a boy; young Will Barnes," amended the coroner. "Most people think he's just a lazy, no-account young fellow, but I've always said he was growin'. Goes fishin' a good deal, of course, but—— There he goes, now!" He ran to the door, through the glass of which he had seen a tall, lanky youth across the way.

"Hi, Will!" he yelled, "come over, the New York man is waiting!"

Young Barnes came slowly across the highway.

"I've got to git some hooks," he said. "If I don't get 'em now the store'll close."

"This is more important than hooks," answered Pike. "Come in here. Mr. Garrison, this is Mr. Barnes. Will, Mr. Garrison, the New York detective."

Quite unimpressed by Garrison's personality or calling, Will advanced and shook his hand.

Garrison looked him over quickly.

"You're the man who saw a stranger going into Hardy's room, at Mrs. Wilson's, the night that Hardy died, I believe?" he said. "How did you happen to be there?"

"He lives right near," volunteered Mr. Pike.

"I was gettin' night-walkers," said Will.

"Night-walkers?" repeated Garrison. "People?"

"Fishin' worms," supplied Mr. Pike. "Angleworms walk at night and Will gits 'em for bait. Goes out with a dark lantern and picks 'em up."

"I see," said Garrison. "What sort of a looking person was the man who got into Mrs. Wilson's house?"

"A little shaver, that's all I could see," said the youthful angler.

The description tallied closely with all that Garrison had heard of Hiram Cleave, or Foster Durgin.

"Very good," he said. "Did you see what he did in the room?"

"Didn't do nuthin' but steal a couple of cigars," informed the disciple of Walton. "He wasn't there more'n about a minute."

"But he did steal a couple of cigars?" echoed Garrison, keenly alert to the vital significance of this new evidence. "Did he take them from the table?"

"Nope. Took 'em out of a box."

"Then came out by the window and departed?"

"Yep, he sneaked."

"Why didn't you tell anybody of this before?"

"Nobody asked me."

"And he ain't got no use for Mrs. Wilson, nor she for him," supplemented the coroner. "But I thought you ought to know."

"Would you know the man again if you should see him?" Garrison inquired.

"Sure."

"Do you know where he went when he left the house, or yard? Did you follow him at all?"

"No, the night-walkers was too thick."

Garrison knew the lay of the yard at Mrs. Wilson's. He knew the room. There was no particular reason for visiting the scene again. There was nothing, in fact, to do at all except to visit the dealer in New York who sold the cigars to Dorothy, and hope for news of Foster Durgin or the speedy arrival of the photograph of Cleave, which the old man in Rockdale had promised. He asked one more question.

"Was he young or old?"

"Don't know," said Will, grinning. "He didn't say."

Garrison rose to go.

"This is all of the utmost importance. I may be obliged to have you come down to New York—if I can find the man. But when you come it will be at my expense."

"The fishin's awful good right now," objected Will. "I don't know about New York."

"You can pick yourself out a five-dollar rod," added Garrison. "I'll wire you when to come."

Garrison left for Albany at once. He found himself obliged to take a roundabout course which brought him there late in the night.

In the morning he succeeded in running down a John W. Spikeman, who had served as Hardy's lawyer for many years.

The man was ill in bed, delirious, a condition which had lasted for several days. Naturally no word concerning the Hardy affair had come to his notice—hence his silence on the subject, a silence which Garrison had not heretofore understood.

He could not be seen, and to see him would have been of no avail, since his mind was temporarily deranged.

The utmost that Garrison could do was to go to the clerk at his office. This man, a very fleshy person, decidedly English and punctilious, was most reluctant to divulge what he was pleased to term the professional secrets of the office.

Under pressure of flattery and a clever cross-examination, he at length admitted that Mr. Hardy had drawn a will, within a week of his death, that Mr. Spikeman had declared it perfect, and that he and another had signed it as witnesses all in proper form. Concerning the contents of the document he was absolutely dumb. No amount of questioning, flattery, or persuasion would induce him to divulge so much as a word of what he had witnessed.

Garrison gave up with one more inquiry:

"Was the will deposited here in Mr. Spikeman's vault?"

"No, sir!" said the clerk; "Mr. Hardy took it with him when he went."

Garrison's hopes abruptly wilted.

CHAPTER XXX.

Overtures From the Enemy

Leaving Spikeman's office, Garrison walked aimlessly away, reflecting on the many complications so recently developed, together with the factors in the case, and all its possibilities. He was shutting from his mind, as far as possible, the thoughts of Fairfax, Dorothy's husband, whose coming he had feared by intuition from the first.

The actual appearance of a husband on the scene had come as a shock, despite his many warnings to himself. What could develop along that particular line was more than he cared to conjecture. He felt himself robbed, distracted, all but purposeless, yet knew he must still go on with Dorothy's affairs, though the other man reap the reward.

Forcing his mind to the Hardy affair, he found himself standing as one at the edge where things ought to be patent; nevertheless a fog was there, obscuring all in mystery.

Some man had entered Hardy's room and tampered with Dorothy's cigars. This did not necessarily absolve Charles Scott, the insurance beneficiary, from suspicion, yet was all in his favor. The Hiram Cleave was an unknown quantity. Unfortunately the general description of the man who had entered Hardy's room tallied closely with Dorothy's description of Foster Durgin, whom she herself suspected of the crime. He had been in Hickwood, lurking near his uncle for several days. He had since run away and was apparently in hiding.

Intending to make an endeavor to seek out young Durgin and confront him with Barnes, who had seen the intruder in Hardy's room, and intending also to visit the dealer in tobacco from whom Dorothy had purchased her cigars, Garrison made his way to the railway station to return once more to New York.

The matter of finding Hardy's will was on his mind as a constant worry. It had not been found among his possessions or on his person. It could have been stolen from his room. If this should prove to be the case it would appear exceedingly unfavorable for Durgin. It was not at all unlikely that he might have been aware of something concerning the testament, while Hiram Cleave, if such a person existed, would have no special interest in the document, one way or another.

Another possibility was that Hardy had hidden the will away, but this seemed rather unlikely.

Comfortably installed on a train at last, Garrison recalled his first deductions, made when he came upon the fact of the poisoned cigars. The person who had prepared the weeds must have known very many of Hardy's personal habits—that of taking the end cigar from a box, and of biting the point instead of cutting it off with his knife, for instance. These were things with which Foster, no doubt, would be well acquainted. And in photographic work he had handled the deadly poison employed for Hardy's death.

Again, as he had a hundred times before, Garrison accused himself of crass stupidity in permitting someone to abstract that cigar from his pocket. It might have been lost: this he knew, but he felt convinced it had been stolen. And since he was certain that Dorothy was not the one, he could think of no chance that a thief could have had to extract it without attracting his attention.

When at length he arrived once more in Manhattan, he proceeded at once to the shop on Amsterdam Avenue where Dorothy had purchased her cigars. Here he found a short individual in charge of a general business, including stationery, candy, newspapers, and toys, in addition to the articles for smokers.

Garrison pulled out his memorandum concerning that box of cigars still in possesion of Pike, at Branchville.

"I dropped in to see if by chance you recall the sale of a box of cigars some little time ago," he said, and he read off the name of the brand. "You sold them to a lady—a young lady. Perhaps you remember."

"Oh, yes," agreed the man." "I don't sell many by the box."

"Did anyone else come in while she was here, or shortly after, and buy some cigars of the same brand?" He waited the dealer's slow process of memory and speech with eager interest.

Y-e-s," I think so," said the man after a pause. "Yes, sure, a small man. He bought a box just the same. Two boxes in one evening—I don't do that every day."

"A man, you say—a small man. Was he young?"

"I don't remember very well. He was sick, I think. He had a handkerchief on his face and his hat was pulled far down."

"But surely you remember whether he was young or not," insisted Garrison. "Try to think."

"So many people come," he said, "I don't remember."

Garrison tried him with a score of questions, but to no avail. He could add nothing to what he had supplied, and the vagueness that shadowed the figure of the man had not been illumined in the least. Beyond the fact that a small man had followed Dorothy inside the store and purchased the duplicate of her cigars, there was nothing of significance revealed.

Disappointed, even accusing himself of dullness and lack of resources in the all-important discovery of his unknown man's identity, Garrison went out upon the street. He felt himself in a measure disloyal to Dorothy in his growing conviction that young Foster Durgin was guilty. He was sorry, but helpless. He must follow the trail wheresoever it led.

He ate a belated luncheon, after which he went to his office.

There were two letters lying on the floor, neither one addressed in a hand he knew. The first he opened was from Theodore. It was brief:

"Dear Sir:

"If you can find time to grant me an interview, I feel confident I can communicate something of interest.

"Yours truly,

"Theodore Robinson."

His street address was written at the top.

Garrison laid the letter on the desk and opened the second. If the first had occasioned a feeling of vague wonder in his breast, the other was far more potently stirring. It read:

"Dear Mr. Garrison:

"I called once, but you were out. Shall return again about four-thirty.

"Trusting to see you,

"Foster Durgin."

Without even halting to lock the door as he fled from the place Garrison hastened pell-mell to the telegraph office, on the entrance floor of the building, and filed the following despatch:

"James Pike,

"Branchville, N.Y.:

"Get Will Barnes on train, headed for my office, soon as possible.

"Garrison."

As he stepped in the elevator to return to his floor, he found Tuttle in the corner of the car.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Fret of Waiting

Tuttle had performed his services fairly well. He reported that young Robinson had returned to town and had lost no time in dismissing him, with a promise to pay for services rendered by the end of the week. Theodore had seemed content with the bald report which Tuttle had made concerning Garrison's almost total absence from his office, and had rather appeared to be satisfied to let the case develop for the present. Tuttle knew nothing of the note on Garrison's desk from Theodore, and was therefore unaware how his news affected his chief, who wondered yet again what might be impending.

Concerning Fairfax there was news that was equally disquieting. He had been here once, apparently quite sane again. He had talked with Tuttle freely of a big surprise he had in store for the man who had hidden his wife, and then he had gone to his lodgings, near at hand, departing almost immediately with a suit-case in his hand and proceeding to the station, where he had taken a train on a ticket purchased for Branchville.

(To be continued)

The Crew that is Bringing Home the Steward's Cup from England, on the Putney Course

HOW TO BIT A HORSE

(By N. Newnham-Davis)

IN "making" a horse, whether for riding or driving, there is no factor more essential to a satisfactory result than proper bitting, and as the proper bitting of a horse depends on his temperament, conformation, and previous handling, to mention only a few of the details to be taken into consideration, it is not a task to be undertaken lightly by novices in equestrian lore.

To those who have handled horses for years the problem is, as a rule, fairly easy of solution: I find I can generally tell after riding or driving a new horse a few hundred yards whether his bit is unsuitable, and at the end of half a mile or so can estimate fairly correctly the form of bit that will prove most efficient and comfortable to both horse and man, if the horse be free from vice. This rule, however, like all others, has many exceptions, making the problem still more difficult to those who have not yet acquired the skilled touch of the experienced horseman.

The object in selecting a bit is to obtain the widest possible range between comparative liberty and complete control. For this purpose that bit should be selected which is the least severe one that will insure control. There exists a very popular fallacy to the effect that a pulling horse should be always severely bitted. Never was a more fatal error made. Pulling horses are made, not foaled, and hard mouths are the result of unsuitable bits, bad hands, or a combination of the two.

To the man, alas! only too often seen, whose idea of driving consists of holding the reins at arm's length, one in each hand, and leaning on the bit (which is usually a half-check snaffle, used as a matter of course without any intelligent reason for its selection), this article will not appeal; the only way to convince him of the error of his ways is to put him behind a four-in-hand, bitted in his own fashion, and make him drive twenty or thirty miles.

There is neither reason nor comfort in driving a horse that cannot be easily controlled with one hand. I will go even further and lay down as an axiom that such a horse cannot be driven with safety to himself or others anywhere outside the rails of a speedway. Yet there remains in this country an incomprehensible objection to soft mouths.

I remember going to look at a pair of horses for sale in New Jersey. Before taking them out of the stalls I asked, "Have they soft mouths?"

"Oh, no," said the owner, "they have good mouths—good hard mouths."

The deal ended there.

As a rule, a horse will not pull at you unless you first pull at him, but with a heavy hand, or a severe bit, a light-mouthed horse will often pull harder than a regularly confirmed puller, while a puller will as frequently yield easily to a light hand. I have been run away with absolutely and helplessly by a horse with a long-cheeked, high-ported, jaw-breaking Pelham bit, yet after I got the horse home and put into his mouth a short-cheeked Weymouth, with only a half port, he turned out the lightest-mouthed hock I had ridden for years, and in a few days was carrying a lady who rode him with three fingers. This was simply a case of improper bitting.

Again, I once lent a thoroughbred horse in California, which had been ridden daily in a Newmarket snaffle by a lady, to a man, who came back an hour afterwards with the reins knotted together "to enable him to hold the brute"; the horse was in a lather and bleeding at the mouth and the rider was completely exhausted. This was a case of a heavy hand.

For trying a new horse in harness there is perhaps no bit equal to the English Liverpool, with a plain, straight mouthpiece, preferably sliding on the cheeks. Elbowed cheeks are an advantage with a horse that is continually "lipping" the cheeks and trying to get the rein billets into his mouth. This bit, while free from unnecessary encumbrance, gives such a wide range of power—as the reins can be placed in the cheek, bar, or lower bar—that, with a judiciously used curb-chain, it will generally meet all requirements in properly broken horses. Should it fail to give sufficient control, a half-port may be used, or one of those chain mouthpieces covered with thick rubber, which have often successfully cured pulling when all severe bits have failed.

For four-in-hands and pairs many drivers prefer the Buxton to the Liverpool, because the piece connecting the lower extremities of the cheeks prevents a horse from hooking one side of his bit over the rein of his companion. There is, however, one danger in these bits, if no bearing rein be worn, that must not be overlooked, viz., that the bit itself may get caught on the hook of the pole; I have known this to happen and cause an accident fatal to the horse.

For a horse so light-mouthed as to render a curb-chain superfluous the double-ringed driving snaffle should be the first choice; it is superior in every respect to the single-ringed, half-cheeked, snaffle, and may be bought with plain, jointed, or rubber-covered mouthpiece, the jointed pattern to be used only if the others prove insufficiently powerful. With these bits to choose from, there should be no difficulty in suiting any horse that is free from vice; if one has a vicious horse, it is best not to bit him, but to get rid of him.

Among riding bits the one par excellence is the Weymouth bit and bridoon; by using either snaffle or curb rein one gets a range of power corres-with this difference, that one has both extremities of the range in control at the same time. The Pelham is at best only a makeshift for the Weymouth, over which it has no advantage whatever. For very light-mouthed riding horses the Newmarket snaffle, with a plain jointed mouthpiece, is the most comfortable and the most sporting in appearance. I prefer it to the cheeked snaffle.

Having selected a bit, the next item in importance is to apply it correctly; it should be wide enough to obviate any pinching of the jaw, and yet should not have any appreciable lateral play. In the horse the mouthpiece should rest just above the "tush," and should be large enough to give a good bearing surface. In the mare there is no tush, but the same distance from the incisor teeth should be allowed.

A bit should never pull up the corners of the mouth. The snaffle of the Weymouth bit should lie behind the curb, and the curb-chain should pass under the ends of the snaffle.

The rules for fitting driving bits are identical with those applying to riding bits, the only exception being where a bearing rein is used. In regard to the latter I will mention only two points: the bearing rein should always be attached to a light bridoon, never to the driving bit itself; it should always be slack and should never be used in "gag" form.

The runaway horse in story books, as in most of the veracious and detailed accounts given in the daily press, invariably "takes the bit between his teeth" as a preliminary measure. It would be interesting to know how he does this. He obviously cannot get it between his molar teeth (grinders) unless both his cheeks are slit up from the corners of his mouth, and if the cheek-straps be the right length it is equally impossible for him to get it down to the level of his incisors (nippers), and there are no teeth in between! Thus perishes another hoary-headed superstition!

What does happen is that through steady, unremitting tension on the reins the bars of his mouth become numbed and impervious to pain; this enables him to set his jaw firmly, put the whole weight of his head on the bit, and successfully resist anything short of one-horse power at the other end of the reins. This is the reason why, when run away with, one should never try to recover control by steady pulling, but should always use short sharp pulls with intervals of complete relaxation between them.

Although it is always advisable to drive a new horse, temporarily at least, with the bit to which he has been accustomed, providing that he goes satisfactorily in it, it is never safe to assume that it is the best possible one for him. This assumption, which is general, is responsible for much trouble that might be obviated. It is surprising to note how complete and radical a change of bit may be made, not only with impunity, but with advantage, if only the change be in the right direction.

There can scarcely be a greater contrast in bits than that between the savage semi-Spanish riding bit, with its rowel halfway down the horse's throat, that is almost universally used on Western ranches, and the mild half-port Weymouth; yet I have, when in the West, known a girl from New York—she was a first-class horsewoman, I admit—buy on a ranch half a dozen broncos that had worn nothing but the Mexican bit and proceed to try them with a Weymouth bridle.

To the unmitigated astonishment of the ranch hands, who took the first horse behind the barn to saddle and bridle it so that the prospective purchaser should not see the "circus" that they expected would follow the girthing of the side-saddle, the horse was as quiet as the proverbial lamb, and when the girl, quietly gathering up her reins, rode away with the horse entirely on the snaffle and with no signs of either kicking or bucking, a more astonished looking group of men could not have been found west of the Rockies. The incident confirmed a theory I have long cherished in secret, that even a "bronc" will respond promptly to proper—that is, gentle—handling.

In the foregoing directions for placing and fitting bits, it will be noticed that no mention has been made of fitting curb-chains; this requires separate and detailed treatment. It is obvious that, excepting snaffles, no bit can be used to advantage without some form of curb-chain or strap; even a light-mouthed horse driven in a Liverpool, with the reins in the cheek, must have a curb, which should, however, be as slack as is consistent with easy control. The right tension of the chain may be ascertained by placing the forefinger between it and the jaw and pulling gently on the reins; if the horse does not yield to the pressure the chain is not tight enough. It should, nevertheless, not be tight enough to cause chafing and fretting, which not only spoil the horse's mouth and temper, but waste the energy which should be devoted to his work. If a horse frets with even a slack chain, it should be padded, or a curb strap substituted for it. Curb-chains should be wide, with close, well fitting links. When a bit has been found which suits the horse, further experiments are to be deprecated; the horse should be habitually ridden or driven in the same bit, uniformly applied.

I SUPPOSE you will soon be giving up your motor and getting an airship."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Chuggins. "There's no fun in going away up there and frightening a few eagles."

* * *

WE were waiting for the elevator to come down," said a commercial traveler, "after discussing the probability of an aeroplane's crossing the Atlantic within a year, when, just as the cage was about to ascend, one of the party said: 'I'll bet ten thousand dollars that it won't be done'—and the elevator boy took him up."

THE KING AND QUEEN

(By GRACE ELLISON)

The Personality and Character of Their Majesties and Their Children, of Which so Little Has Hitherto Been Known

WHEN King Edward VII. came to the throne, there was nothing like the vague uncertainty and keen curiosity which is felt about our new monarch. King Edward was personally well known. He had long been a popular and familiar figure in the country. To all intents and purposes he had been the deputy monarch in these islands some time before he succeeded his mother; and his long apprenticeship made it obvious that he would with as much facility be a painstaking and conscientious ruler as he had been a hard-working and serviceable Prince. The new King comes to the throne without having had this chance, and has been so much overshadowed by his late father's exceptional vitality and untiring readiness to do everything himself that he could do that the public has had but scant opportunity of gauging King George's abilities. Still, what opportunity there has been has always evoked the strongest interest, and the Prince has risen to the occasion and done the work committed to him with dignity and efficiency. It is, however, essentially in the minor things of life that the new King has endeared himself to those subjects who have had the privilege of approaching him.

Professor Vambery, who stayed at Windsor Castle as the late King's invited guest, has many interesting stories to tell of King George. Our new monarch is godfather to the celebrated Orientalist's grandson, and every year the little fellow receives some souvenir of his Royal sponsor. The King himself writes to have news of this small George Frederick.

Even as a very young boy the present Sovereign had a passion for history and tales of adventure. "He would spend hours in my room," the Professor told the writer, "literally hanging on my words, and begging for just one more story. He was constantly there to see that I had everything; and one day, seeing that I had no hot water, he ran and fetched it himself." The Professor jokingly dubbed him "the Royal jugbearer."

Another illustration of his simple, kindly manners was seen at a banquet presided over by Sir Henry Roscoe. In his agitation the speaker dropped all his notes, and the Prince stooped, picked them up, and put them again in order for him. These little acts, taken individually, have no particular historic importance, but they denote the character of the man, and endear him to those with whom he is brought into contact.

Few people know how cultured our new King is. Whenever possible, he writes his own speeches, and his conversation is fluent and to the point. History has always been his favorite study, and naturally he has in most cases been able to acquire his knowledge at first-hand. Wherever the King and Queen have travelled, they have got all possible information on the countries they are to visit, and have really worked hard at "getting up the subject." Their knowledge of the country they are visiting has pleased their hosts, and has also led the way to still further knowledge of it for themselves.

It was her grandson, now King George, whom Queen Victoria commissioned to open the first Parliament of the Australian Government. She died too soon to see her wish accomplished, but her intentions were realized when in 1902 the Duke and Duchess of York visited all the States of the Australian Commonwealth, and extended their journey to New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony, and Canada.

The triumphal progress of the King and Queen through India is a matter of almost too recent history to merit repetition. That keen sense of duty which is their distinguishing characteristic was never more to the fore. "The Prince of Wales,' wrote a chronicler of the Royal tour, "and the Princess bore their high part in the long and often wearying round of ceremonial with unwavering constancy."

All through their travels the simplicity and charm of the Princess were noted and remarked upon. On board the "Ophir" especially, where the life resolved itself naturally into a sort of family party, the Prince and Princess greatly endeared themselves to the crew. A somewhat amusing story, which incidentally reflects the motherly sympathy of her Majesty, has been told of this voyage.

It was the custom on board for a certain number of officers each night to be commanded to dine with the Royal party, and at first many of the officers were somewhat nervous. One in particular, a Scotsman and an engineer, so "funked" the ordeal that he begged the captain to make some excuse for him, but without avail. He duly received his "command," and on arrival in the saloon was informed by an aide-de-camp that his place would be by her Royal Highness.

In his own words, the Scot "nearly dropped through the ship!" But five minutes later he was more than content to remain on terra firma—or as much of it as the saloon on board ship affords!—for the Princess talked to him with all that simple charm of which she is mistress.

"I found myself telling her," said the delighted engineer later, "all about my home in Glasgow, my wife and children, their illnesses, our servant troubles, and everything else! And on two or three occasions during the voyage the Princess, with a smile, referred to my children by name."

Queen Mary was known as a tomboy in her childhood, but this does not prevent her from being perhaps the cleverest and best-informed member of the Royal Family and an ideal mother. She takes a great and keen interest in all matters relating to improvement in the social conditions of the people. In fact, the Queen presents a striking example of the fact that a woman can be a good wife and mother and yet take an interest in public life and help on all good and deserving causes. King George tinuity of our foreign policy for all time.

And now comes King George to the throne, at a moment when the country is in the throes of a Constitutional crisis far vaster and more far-reaching than any that either his father or his father's mother ever had to face. To meet this crisis, to deal with all its manifold issues, to win through to the enduring fame of the Crown and the ultimate benefit of the country, a man is required who is at heart a patriot, a person of affairs, a student deeply versed in the history and inner life of his country.

That man has been found, there seems every possible ground to believe, in King George V., whose wish to realize and comprehend the England beyond the seas has made him the most travelled monarch in all the world, and whose keen and abiding interest in the internal politics of the nation was has found her advice invaluable, and he consults her on most questions.

This absorption in his family to some extent accounts for the few intimate friends the King actually has. It has been said of him, "He is polite to all and intimate with none," which is, perhaps, not an unfortunate trait in his character. He comes now to the throne with a free hand, and will possibly single out great litterateurs, artists, historians, and scientists for his Royal recognition. He is fairly indifferent to wealth; and the man whose only title to fame is the amassing of money will probably not appeal to him in the least.

In a country so devoted to sport of all kinds as England, King Edward owed no little of his popularity to his joining with a whole heart in all its manifestations. Himself a breeder of horses, he attended races without any suspicion of a perfunctory discharge of duty. He was heart and soul in the race. King George is also a keen racegoer, and it has been decided that he will keep on his father's stable. He is a keen supporter of amateur football and a patron of lawn-tennis, while as a gun he is, after Lord de Grey, recognized as the best shot in the country.

As regards the public side of King George's life, no one can expect him to emulate his father till he has had something like his father's experience and practice. King George knows books; King Edward knew men, and cultivated men who could give him knowledge. He was the intimate friend of MM. Delcasse, Clemenceau, and Loubet, especially the last, whose delightful courtesy and high intelligence appealed to him greatly. Never did he pass through Paris but he found time to visit these three men, and learn all they had to teach him.

Like his late grandmother, the present monarch has always taken an intense interest in the education of his children. He chooses his sons' tutors himself, sees what progress they are making, and insists on the young Princes being treated with as much severity as their comrades.

"You need not think that being my son makes any difference," he said to Prince Edward, who had not been working as well as he might have done. "You must pass your examinations like any other boy, or you will try again and again until you do."

I often wonder what the pampered children of "the American Four Hundred" would think if they could take a peep into the present King's family circle, and see the simplicity which reigns there.

The Queen, as Princess of Wales, had only two dressers and two maids, and her gowns are always ordered of the simplest design possible. Princess Mary has a German nurse and no maid. She is naturally a tomboy and very unselfish. No children could be less spoilt than the children of the King and Queen. They are allowed to accept few presents; and on every birthday the little Princes and Princess are obliged to give away six of their favorite toys to the poor. The Queen insists, too, that they should do more than give presents, and remember the "unhappy" in their daily prayers. Each child must work for one hour a day making something for children who are less fortunate than they. Nor are they pampered in the way of other good things. Sweets are a great luxury in the Royal household.

When the new Queen, then Princess of Wales, returned from Paris with the Prince, on the occasion of their last visit, she brought a box of Turkish delight for the children, and gave it to the tutor, saying the young Princes were only to have one piece each every night. Prince Albert, however, who had been entrusted with a lump destined for his younger brother, could not resist the temptation of nibbling off the corners before giving it to him. The young Prince said nothing, but looked at it suspiciously, and then returned to the tutor, asking for a square and not a round lump! Prince Albert was punished by having to eat the nibbled lump himself the following evening; but when his father heard the story he did not consider this a sufficient punishment, and kept him one week without sweetmeats.

The young Princes have not been taught that they are different from other children. On one occasion, when they were out walking with their new tutor in the Park at Sandringham, they saw the late King coming towards them, and, rushing up to him, they exclaimed: "Grandpa, come and be introduced to our new tutor!"

Little Princess Mary has been instructed that when there are visitors at the Court she must entertain them, and she always sings and plays to them, much as she dislikes "performing" in any way. She is passionately fond of animals, her greatest joy in life being to go to Regent Street and see the incubators. She longed and prayed for a rabbit, and her request was not granted till she had solemnly promised it should be well fed and cared for, and the little Princess has kept her promise.

Order and punctuality have always been de rigueur in the Royal Family. If the children are late for breakfast, or go to bed without putting away their toys or folding up their dolls' clothes, they are punished; in fact, all these details are given ten times the importance they would have in an ordinary household.

It is very remarkable how successive changes in the monarchy have revealed just the personality to deal with a critical situation, how in our Royal House the man seems to have been made for the moment, rather than the moment for the man.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne the repute of the Crown was at its lowest depth. In the sixty long years of her reign she raised it, by sheer force of personality and example, to a pinnacle higher than it had ever reached before in the history of the country. Similarly, when King Edward succeeded his august mother, our relations with foreign Courts were anything but cordial and far from satisfactory. He brought the credit of our statesmanship to a point as near perfection as may be attained in international affairs, and established the connever more manifest than during the last few months before he came to the throne, when he followed with the closest attention the course of the political crisis.

It was noteworthy that at the beginning of the Session, especially during the debates on the Veto of the Lords, the King attended nearly every debate in the Lords, and closely followed the proceedings in the House of Commons

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Blisters from paddling, ball-playing, or any other cause, painful sunburn patches, stings of insects, and chafed places, are all eased instantly by Zam-Buk. Don't have your vacation spoiled by pain from any sore, which Zam-Buk could cure in quick time!

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RAILWAY MILEAGE OF CANADA

CANADA'S present railway mileage is more than sufficient to belt the globe with a single-track line, and leave 136 miles to double track a part of it, says a Canadian contemporary. "In 1837, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, we had 16 miles of railway, and we were content with this until 1847, when our total reached 54 miles. At Confederation, 1867, we had 2,278 miles; in 1885, when the North-West Rebellion took place we had 10,773 miles. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier took office in 1896, there were 16,270 miles. In 1909 the mileage in operation was 24,104 miles, and the Grand Trunk Pacific had 945 miles of track laid, making a total of 25,049 miles. In addition, there are 1,464 miles of second track and 4,761 miles of yard tracks and sidings. When the Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental Railways are put in operation our railway mileage will be increased by about 3,556 miles, of which 945 miles have been included in the total given. The total railway mileage, when the Transcontinental is included, will reach 27,660 miles, and this takes no account of the many other railroads which are now building lines in Canada."

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Rich Valley, Alta, May 20th, 1909
"I have used your Spavin Cure for a long time and would not be without it. Have killed a Bone Spavin by its use."
OLE CARLSON.

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For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swellings and all Lameness.

Kendall's Spavin Cure cures the trouble—makes the horse sound and well—and saves money for the owner because it removes the cause of the trouble.

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SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

THE FASTEST SHIP AFLOAT

THE fastest ship in the world is the destroyer Swift, launched recently at Portsmouth, England. This ship, which is of 1,800 tons displacement, has a speed exceeding 35 knots an hour. Her fires are fed by petroleum. The turbines give 30,000 horse-power divided among four screws.

The English Admiralty had already realized 34 knots in the destroyers Cobra and Viper. One of these excessively long boats broke in two upon a wave not long after she was launched.

The maximum speed of the French torpedo-boats averages about 31 knots.

What is said to be the first lighthouse built for airships has just been erected on the top of a small railway building at Spandau, Germany. It consists of thirty-eight powerful electric lamps, which shoot a glaring light skyward. Its purpose is to guide the dirigibles of the German army at night. One of the great gun plants of Germany is located at Spandau.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
R23 THE PI

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

THE latest extravagance introduced by the smart set is the use of real lace for everything and anything appertaining to household decoration.

The craze has come from Paris, where it has reached the most luxurious limits—fair Parisians being content with nothing short of real lace of surpassingly fine and delicate workmanship to cover their boudoirs.

Some of the new lace cushions which are to be seen in several of the best-appointed London houses are veritable works of art.

One lovely specimen that decorated a deep purple settee was mounted upon a pale heliotrope satin underslip which encased a small down-cushion. This was covered with a fine lace slip ornamented with trails of pale mauve wistaria made of satin, the foliage of which was worked in heavy floss silk. Other similar cushions had delicate lace covers trimmed with bunches of those soft satin roses that are to be bought by the yard, and which have been so much used for millinery purposes during the spring.

The advantage of this kind of trimming is that it is very effective and lends itself to being arranged in clusters, in wreaths, or in those huge nosegays fixed in one corner of the cushion which is the fad of the present moment. Such cushions are finished off with dainty ruches of narrow Valenciennes lace, and they add one more extravagance to the cost of keeping one's house in up-to-date order.

Another idea is to have flower-scented cushions. These are made by sprinkling fragrant pot-pourri made from natural flowers such as roses, violets, verbena, or carnations over layers of cotton wool which line the satin covers, an excellent rose pot-pourri can be made by gathering a quantity of rose petals on a sunny day and spreading them on a tray to dry. The leaves should then be sprinkled with powdered orris root, and just before being used in the cushions they must be sprinkled with a few drops of the best attar of roses.

To match such cushions are huge lace covers worked with designs of satin flowers and heavy floss silk enriched with glistenings of gold thread and sequins, which are thrown over divans and couches, adding a very great deal to the luxury of the modern drawing-room.

* * *

Table sets in fine filet and point a l'aiguille lace are an- in happier times than the present, a [illegible] rule—is so finely executed that it took two expert workers five years to make, being fashioned of rosaline point so fine that it had to be worked for the most part under a magnifying glass.

Beautiful tablecloths with inset centres of real Irish lace are no longer novelties confined to the very rich. They are to be seen on every other dinner-table of note. As often as not, these are further enriched with a deep border of insertion to match the centrepiece, the table napkins being fashioned with lace borders to match.

* * *

Fashion in its course seems to fight for the triumph of the woman who has reached her fourth decade, but who no longer submits to be known by the once opprobrious term of the middle-aged woman.

Perhaps it is fashion itself that has swept away the appearance of middle-age, with its matronly dress, the shapeless velvet or silk mantle, or the early Victorian bonnet tied beneath the chin with the tight, heavy bows appertaining to the strings of gros grain or satin ribbon.

All these ideas of matronly dress are now swept away, and no longer is this raiment considered fitting for the woman who, in these progressive days, is justly regarded as still youthful, even when she has passed her fortieth year.

It was, in fact, the so-called middle-aged woman who, out of love of sheer variety, brought in for her own use what has been called the "little girl" fashions, conscious that her throat with its rounded contours was quite well suited for the Claudine collar of lace or embroidered batiste, and that her own pretty foot could hold its own, shod in the modish black patent leather shoe and the silken open-work stocking with its piquant design of Pan seated on a leafy branch and playing his beloved pipes.

No longer is the woman of mature age content to walk in the footsteps of her matronly sisters of some thirty years ago.

She is the woman who now makes fashions, the woman for whom the latest aviation costume is created, the woman who is the smartest on the racecourse, the best dressed in the ball room, and the most fascinating at the opera.

Already she has begun to free herself from the trammels of the "shackle" skirt, a fashion invented for her own use, but of which she is tired and has now declared that, with the adoption of the tied-in skirt by the multitude, she will have no more of it.

Her younger sister follows meekly in her train, obeying her behests and slavishly copying her whims, wearing the Magyar blouse that was first created by the mature woman, and then humbly adopting the "peasant" dress of foulard, silk, or cotton, with its simple belt and its turndown collar of embroidery.

The power of the middle-aged woman today is seen not only in the society in which she reigns as queen, where her triumphs of social conquest over the debutante are matters of common knowledge, but also in the salons of the best-known dressmakers, who know that it is the cachet given to their creations by this all-important client that practically decides the fate of every fashion.

* * *

It is she who has brought into vogue the ascendancy of the mammoth hat, that throws a becoming shadow over her face, as well as the extraordinary popularity of the flowerpot and the mob cap toque.

The study of health and hygiene has given her that love of fresh air and exercise to which, in addition to massage, she owes the freshness and purity of her complexion.

The bizarre and the picturesque veil derive their origin from her bewildering love of variety and her complex nature that expresses itself in the captivating fashion of today.

Already, as has been mentioned before, she is cutting herself adrift from the ties of the hobble skirt and is reverting to the frock that will flow softly round her feet and will be built on more picturesque lines.

There are rumors, too, founded on fact, that the mature woman is bringing in again the vogue of the long Louis XVI. waistcoat of brocade worn with the period coat of satin or cloth, and strangely enough, has also expressed her intention of reinstating the once-beloved bolero coat in favor.

Probably she feels that her figure is light and lissom enough to stand both these extremes of fashion, and nowadays there exists no reason why she should refuse to sanction any mode that may choose to please her taste.

To the instrumentality also of the middle-aged woman is due the popularity of the scarf in all its varieties.

Perhaps it was in a moment almost of contemptuous triumph that she looked back upon the era when the scarf and shawl were used for veiling the deficiencies of the too thin or the over plump shoulders, and resolved that this fashion should be revived in order to show the grace and fascination with which she could use these once middle-aged accessories to accentuate her present-day charm.

The evolution of the scarf of silk to its more important form of satin drapery with its lining of contrasting chiffon is entirely due to the whim of the mature woman, who has converted a dowdy fashion into a charmingly becoming accessory and has seen its adoption by the younger generation. Her services also in the annals of fashion must be recognized by the still popular vogue of the chiffon or ninon de soie veilings over the foundation of black or softly colored satin. She it was who understood the merits of chiffon and its ethereal sister fabrics for softening any lines or ravages due to Time's fingers, and this fashion flamed into sudden popularity and still shows no signs of declining among women of every age.

Again, it is to the love of the middle-aged woman for effects of what may be called barbaric splendor that the present rage for Eastern embroideries is due, for no young girl would have thought out a fashion that is at once so magnificent and withal so becoming, and one, too, that suits so admirably the special charms of her all-triumphant relative.

* * *

The vogue of the splendid jewels, as seen in the wearing of the rope of diamonds with its disc-like pendant, is another fashion due to the woman of mature age, who grew tired, perhaps, of the single necklace of pearls and the pendant of nouveau art enamel, and banished the latter from her jewel-case.

There is little likelihood of the decline of the triumph of the middle-aged woman as the arbiter of fashion. Even though the first freshness of youth, with the pearly tints of complexion may no longer be hers to possess, yet her physical charms, still in their own Indian summer, are accentuated by a captivating charm and ease of manner, a fascinating and mellow wit, which the younger girl cannot hope to rival.

In these progressive days the women who triumphs is the woman to whom life's experience has only added further graces, and whose personality is made still more attractive by the charm of dress which she herself has designed primarily to enhance her own special attributes of features or complexion.

ROYAL MONUMENTS

WHEN kings are buried all the resources of labor and arts are often exhausted to provide a fit resting-place for their remains. The very name "mausoleum" is derived from the tomb of Mausolus, erected so long ago as 353 B.C. This tomb had a basement 65 ft. high, a colonnade 23 ft. high, and over that a pyramid. On the apex of the pyramid stood a colossal group of the deceased king and his wife, the statuary being 14 ft. in height. In England the most famous mausoleum is, of course, the one at Frogmore, near Windsor, where rest the remains of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria.

The Pyramids are the most famous Royal monuments of any age. One of the best known of these was originally higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and had an area about the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Egyptian monarchs amused themselves during their lifetime in building these splendid receptacles for their dead and embalmed bodies. The longer the life of the king the greater the pyramid which was to perpetuate his memory. One hundred thousand men are said to have been employed for thirty years in the construction of one of these magnificent monuments to the great dead. Obelisks, like Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, were also used in Egypt to draw attention to the burying-places of great potentates. In Great Britain Stonehenge is held by competent authorities to be the monument of ancient British kings.

In India, at Agra, is the gorgeous Taj Mahal, a mausoleum built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favorite wife. Twenty thousand men were continuously employed on it for twenty years. It is exceedingly beautiful. There is much rich mosaic work in the interior, and the principal parts of the building are of white marble. The mausoleum itself is in the centre, surmounted by a dome, while at the corners are four minarets, each 133 ft. high. This is a wonderful advance on the rude cairns or heaps of stones which mark the resting-places of kings of savage, far-off times. Some of our own kings have splendid chapels in Westminster Abbey, and Eastern monarchs sometimes had themselves immortalized by the erection of complete, magnificent temples. Whatever form the monument took, it was always at the place of burial, but this is not the case now. The Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace, now nearing completion, are instances in point.

COCKATOO 112 YEARS OLD

COCKATOOS are well known to live to patriarchal age, and probably the oldest bird in the world whose age can be traced with certainty flourished in a well-known hostelry at Tom Ugly's Point, near Sydney, New South Wales.

When he had feathers enough to distinguish his species he was recognizable as a lemon-crested cockatoo, but as he had been "under bare poles" for half a century, few living people can remember when he had more covering than he shows at present.

Green and Black Foulard Gown

He was owned for eighty years by a well-known master mariner of Sydney, who died at the Solomon Islands in 1887, aged eighty-nine. The bird was presented to the captain when the latter was nine years of age, and he was then informed that Cocky was just the same age.

The bird was left as a legacy to a Mrs. Bennett, of Sydney, but she did not get him until 1891. Since that period the bird has lived at George's River, within sight of where Captain Cook landed, and where "the first fleet" anchored about the year of his birth.

None of his faculties is weakened, and he is as loquacious as youngsters of his tribe who may be a hundred years younger. In hilarious moments he will flap his stumps—you could not call them wings—and yell, "I'll fly—I'll fly! By gee, I'll fly!" a palpably mendacious statement.

* * *

Mr. A. W. Gilbey writes to the "Field": "My keeper, walking round the hedgerows lately, saw a hen pheasant sitting on her nest with two common snakes round her neck. He rattled his stick, when both the snakes scuttled off, and he killed them. The pheasant sat quite unconcerned, and never left the nest. The keeper thinks they may have got there for warmth. I have never heard of a similar case."

TALK No. 5

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

ALUM is put into inferior baking powders because it is *cheap*. You cannot detect it, because *all* baking powders *look* alike. Alum is a dangerous mineral acid condemned by food experts as unfit for use in any food preparation, because it works havoc with the stomach and digestive organs and causes certain harm to the entire system. Your baking results will be the best with MAGIC and you have the certain knowledge that your bread, biscuits and pastry will be light, healthful and delicious. There is no substitute for MAGIC and it is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

THE WHITEST LIGHTEST
1 LB.
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

Made in Canada

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

No. 384

PAIN: HOW CAUSED AND CURED

PAIN generally denotes a pressure of some kind upon the nerves—a pressure which is abnormal and should not be present. It may be an enlarged blood vessel; a small tumor; a congestion of some kind; or, on the other hand, it may be the presence of some external or foreign body, such as a dentist's forceps, or an irritant poison within the system.

In all such cases there will be pain, which will be varied according to the extent and nature of the irritating and pressing material. Usually, it will be found that pain is caused by a congestion of some kind in a certain locality. An excess of blood is called to the part; a swelling of the blood vessels, etc., is called into being, and the result is a pain [illegible] and in this way helps to exhaust the bodily forces. But the real reason for the extreme exhaustion following pain is not thoroughly understood.

Certain it is that it exhausts more than anything else does in the same space of time. It can produce extraordinary results, too; such as turning the hair white in a short time; poisoning the secretions of the body, etc. Many persons have had their hair turned white prematurely by long-continued pain.

Pain may be influenced—either made better or worse—in a number of ways. Some of the causes influencing pain are:

The position of the body; its motion; the presence of food; touch; pressure; etc.

Changes in the weather, the temperature, etc.

Electrical and chemical stimuli, etc.

If an organ is diseased in any way, it usually gives pain, if it is deprived of its firm support. The organs of the body are packed in rather loosely, and they give pain if deprived of their resting place. So, the first thing to do, after a pain is located, is to find what position gives the greatest relief, and maintain it.

Pain generally becomes more intense upon motion. Quiet and rest are the great means of relieving pain. If touch, pressure, etc., occasion pain, they should, of course, be prevented, and all clothes which press upon those parts should be removed.

Food has a great influence upon pain without most people being at all aware of that fact. The chief cause of pain induced by food is that too much food has been eaten, and this food, accumulating in the body, presses upon certain nerves, and so causes the pain.

The great means of relieving such pain is to restrict the food for a few days. Drink large quantities of water, eat fruit and very little else. The less the better. Pain from this cause is very frequent and will not be radically removed until the diet is seen to, and a semi or complete fast is undertaken.

Weather changes will only occasion pain in the very sensitive, and denote that the state of the general health is low and must be attended to. The bodily vitality must be built up. No normal body would notice such slight changes, and if they are noticed it would be a sure sign that the state of the health was poor.

Finally, the greatest of all means for the alleviation of pain is by the application of wet bandages, either hot or cold, as the case may require. This may generally be gauged by the feelings of the patient. If he feels that cold would be refreshing, apply cold. The latter will generally be craved in all inflammatory and congested conditions.

It is a perfectly safe cure, and one that may be applied at any time—giving, in the majority of cases, more or less instant relief.

THE INVENTION OF THE THERMOMETER

IT was not until the eighteenth century that the thermometer appeared. Among those who failed in their attempts to devise a heat-and-cold measurer were the noted Halley and the great Sir Isaac Newton. These scientists endeavored to supply the needed instrument by means of tubes containing oil, spirits of wine, etc., but to no avail. It was reserved to one Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an obscure and poor man living at Danzig, to give the world its themometer.

Fahrenheit had failed as a merchant and, possessing a taste for chemistry and mechanics, turned his attention to the problem of the thermometer. During his first series of experiments he used alcohol, but he soon became convinced that mercury was a more suitable substance to use in the tube.

It was about 1720, at Amsterdam, that Fahrenheit turned out the mercury thermometer that has served as a model ever since.

From the beginning Fahrenheit's plan was to indicate on the tube the two points at which water is congealed and boiled, respectively, and to graduate the space between. His first was an arbitrary marking, beginning at thirty-two degrees, since he had found that the mercury descended thirty-two degrees more before coming to what he deemed the extreme cold resulting from a mixture of ice, water, and sal am- [illegible] tween freezing and boiling points. This suggestion resulted in the centigrade thermometer. Another investigator, one Reaumur, came forward with another scheme of graduation of eighty degrees, the one that is accepted by the French. Despite the conclusions of Celsius and Reaumur, however, the Fahrenheit scale, on which the freezing and boiling points are marked 32 and 212 degrees, respectively, holds its own throughout a great part of the world.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SUNSTROKE

DURING the summer months each year heat prostrations occur and often terminate fatally. These accidents have a physiological cause classified by medical science as "sunstroke"; the victims most susceptible being people careless of their physical well-being, the debilitated, the old, and the intemperate. A French physician who has studied "sunstroke" has come to the conclusion that the trouble is due not to an increase of bodily heat, but to the action of hemoglobin, the substance that forms the dry constituents of the red blood corpuscles, which spreads through the physical tissues with all the effect of a powerful poison.

Another authority, Dr. Maas, thinks that the diffusion of hemoglobin through the system, which he admits to be the cause of sunstroke, is due to lack of water in the body. Careful examinations made in cases where men and animals have been struck dead by the sun's rays have confirmed this theory. The explanation is undeniably scientific, but it must not be understood to mean that the human, or other, body should absorb large quantities of liquid; people who drink too much cold water, or other liquids, alcoholic subjects, and all inveterate drinkers, are more liable to fall victims to the sun's heat than others.

Asol, a product first demonstrated in Milan at the Exposition of 1906, has a marvellous efficacy in reducing the temperature of the house or room in which it is employed. It is now in common use in France in factories, railroad stations, and government buildings, where its action so beneficially affects the bodily condition of the workers that it makes it easy for them to face the outer heat afterward.

In Bordeaux, where asol was demonstrated in 1909, thirty thousand square metres of glass roofing covering the exposition building were protected from heat by it. This product is applied to roofs and window-panes with a hair-brush or with a common paint-brush.

A PHOENIX AMONG PINES

UPPER CALIFORNIA is the home of a tree that has puzzled botanists. It is a pine which will grow only near the seacoast. Its growth is slow, and it does not attain to great size.

The strange thing about it is that there are, to all appearance, insurmountable difficulties in the way of perpetuation of the species. Some specimens of it exist in Kew Gardens, England. They have been carefully examined by competent authorities, and all admit that the tree presents a problem unlike anything elsewhere met with.

This pine produces at regular intervals the usual cones containing seeds, but, strange to [illegible] cones are so [illegible]

More extraordinary still is the fact that the pine, after producing its almost invulnerable cones, keeps them hanging on its branches year after year. Unless through some peculiar accident, the seeds would apparently remain attached to the parent tree forever. Many of the cones on the trees in Kew Gardens have been there for years, as is shown by the size of the branches and the formation of the bark.

It has been found that the seed-vessels which this tree so powerfully retains are so well protected that it requires a strong knife, with the assistance of a heavy hammer, to cut the cone into sections. No ordinary conditions of temperature can make a cone open.

The following is the only explanation yet offered that seems to have any degree of plausibility. The species may be perpetuated by fire. One who has studied the tree asserts that nothing but the intense heat of a forest fire could compel the cones to release their seeds. It has been found that under the influence of intense heat they crack open and the seeds fall out uninjured.

TRADE SECRETS

THERE are two trade secrets at least that the world at large may never learn, but which it is well worth the while of inventors to study. One is the Chinese method of making the bright and beautiful color known as vermilion, or Chinese red; and the other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver. Among the Chinese and the Turks these two secrets are guarded well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear an ironclad oath to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of guarantee, and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty. These secrets have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for hundreds of years.

A BELATED traveller who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin down in the Little River country in Oklahoma, says that soon after the frugal meal a tall, gaunt youth of eighteen and an equally sallow and gaunt girl of seventeen, both barefooted, took their hats from wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go

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Fresh Groceries

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FRESH VEGETABLES RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

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Have you seen those beautiful Wardrobes that we are selling so cheap.

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Citizens' Band Gives Concert

The reorganized Citizens' Band gave their first open air concert this season last Friday night. A large number of people were out to hear them, and enjoyed the music very much. Since the reorganization the Band has steadily improved, and will no doubt before long, be an institution of which the town may well be proud.

The concert was given on a hastily improvised band stand, which was erected on the corner of Main street and Fourth avenue. The speed with which it was put up was characteristic of Western methods. The "Citizens Committee," to whose charge the affairs of the band have been given, were on the job, and several other citizens helped. In a couple of hours, the structure, which is a neat and satisfactory one, was ready for use.

For the balance of the season the band will give an open air concert every Friday evening at eight o'clock

The Star, a live, readable local paper, your home paper, from now until the end of 1911 for only $1.00. Surely you are not going to neglect a snap like that.

LOCAL NEWS

F. L. Phillips, publisher of the Viking Gazette, was in town on Monday.

Dr. Middlemass spent several days last week in Winnipeg on private business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert McKee have decided to make their home in Edmonton in the future. Mrs. McKee left on Monday for the capital.

Mrs. E. Carbert, and family of Gilbert Plains, Man., arrived here last week, and are visiting Mrs. Carbert's son, H. J. Carbert, who is homesteading about four miles north.

Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, who have been [illegible] of Wainwright for some time, are removing to Edmonton to live. Mrs. Finlay went to Edmonton this week, but will return home before leaving the town permanently.

Bisson & Son, the progressive clothiers and gentlemen's furnishers, believe in keeping up a good front, and have recently had their building painted. The effect is distinctly pleasing. Bert Cox was the artist. Mr. Cox doeth all things in the painting line—well.

In the special board of trade edition of the Wainwright Star issued last week appears a cut of W. E. Washburn, as chief of the fire brigade and school trustee. His Leduc friends expect to see "Wash" mayor of Wainwright some of these days.—Leduc Representative.

The management of the Star would like to secure a copy of the issue of July 7th. Any subscriber who has one of this issue and can be induced to part with it will confer a great favor upon the manager. The copy is needed to complete the office file, the issue having been entirely exhausted.

Look around you, at the stores that succeed. Do they use printer's ink? Every one of them are lavish advertisers. Printer's ink is the greatest power in the business world today. If you are not already an advertiser in the Star get in now. Join the procession and let the world know that you are out for business.

The Wainwright Pharmacy has recently added a couple of handsome silent salesmen, which greatly improve the interior appearance of the store. This firm have enlarged their stock, and now carry a very complete line of cigars and tobaccos, in addition to drugs, druggists' sundries and stationery. Their stationery line is by far the most complete in the town. All the leading magazines are to be found on their counters.

COMMON SENSE IN SHOES

There is no place for fashionable cruelties in good foot-wear.

Caprice of fashion is not the basis for shoes.

A good shoe calls for reason and common sense in the maker as well as the wearer.

A good shoe is stylish without being freakish. It has character just as much as a gown from Worth or a hat from Virot.

While "INVICTUS SHOES" have exclusive features and niceties as superior foot-wear, they never clash with the dictates of good common sense.

BISSON & SON

PARK HOTEL
L. P. HUSSEY, PROP.
Steam Heated Throughout. Equipped with Modern Plumbing
Visitors to the Wainwright District will find this a very Comfortable place to make their headquarters.
Bright Rooms and Excellent Cuisine
WAINWRIGHT, - - - Alberta

The Howard Watch
THE WORLD'S BEST
Officially adopted by the time inspectors of the 140 leading railroads of America. Exclusive selling agent in Wainwright

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Expert Watch Maker and Repairer. G. T. P. Official Watch Inspector.

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Everywhere unless your house is fitted with one of our
Screen Doors
and your windows with one of our
Extension Window Screens
which fits any size of window.
We are headquarters for Wire Screens—all widths.

Brighten-Up your house with a coat of Sherwin Williams Paint and you will be pleased with its appearance, besides improving the appearance of the town. Call and talk the matter over with us. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Try a bottle of
Liquid Veneer
Makes old furniture look like new.

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